HISTORICAL
AND
TRADITIONAL SKETCHES
OF
HIGHLAND FAMILIES,
AND OF THE HIGHLANDS.

By JOHN MACLEAN,
THE INVERNESS CENTENARIAN, AUTHOR OF THE "REMINISCENCES OF CLACHNACUDDIN," &c.

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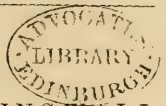

DINGWALL:
PRINTED AT THE ADVERTISER OFFICE.

1848.

To

WILLIAM SIMPSON, Esq.,

Provost of the Royal Burgh

of Inverness.

Sir,

The public position which you hold as the Chief Magistrate of the Metropolis of the Northern Highlands, conferred upon you by your fellow-citizens, induces me to inscribe this Volume to you, as the events recorded in it have frequent reference to its history, and to the conduct of some of your ancient predecessors in office.

Your own personal kindness to my father, now in his 102d year, emboldens me to place this small contribution to the history of bygone times under the patronage of the head of the Municipality of the place of his birth, and where he has encountered a century of wonderful vicissitudes, and still lives to feel and reflect their changes.

It is therefore from the combined feeling of personal respect and regard for the steady and impartial manner in which you discharge the duties of an ancient and dignified office, that I respectfully dedicate the "Historical and Traditional Sketches of Highland Families," &c. &c., by the Inverness Centenarian.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your grateful humble servant,

F. MACLEAN.

Inverness, 9 Celt Street.

PREFACE.

"The Historical and Traditional Sketches" which will be found in the following pages, portions of which had occasionally appeared in the local papers, and have been copied into other papers in various parts of Scotland, England, Ireland, India, Australia, and America, are now presented to the public in a more collected and extended form. This is complying with the desires which have been repeatedly expressed by many of the sons of the Gael at home and abroad.

These Sketches have no pretension to literary excellence, nor are they put forward as a full chronological or consecutive History of the Families and events to which they refer. Their interest is purely local; and their merit, if they possess any, is, that they contain historical facts, traits of character, and traditional tales of stirring times, and of important personages, which have not been presented to the public by any other author.

Of the author, or perhaps I should more properly say, the reciter of these tales, it would not become me, his son, to speak in terms of praise. I may, however, say, without exposing myself to censure, that

from his infancy he gave a greedy ear to the recital of old stories; and when, as was, and still is, the custom of the country, the fathers, grandfathers, and patriarchs of the town assembled together in the winter evenings and told "the tales of other times," he would sit in the "chimney nook" in wrapt attention listening to their conversation. This predilection of his youth "grew with his growth, and strengthened with his years."

An all-merciful and bountiful Creator has been pleased to gift him with good health and a retentive memory. In the course of a life of upwards of a century, he has suffered little bodily illness or mental distress; and, except in so far as his powers are impaired by the natural debility which necessarily attends old age, he still retains the enjoyment of his physical and mental faculties. It may not be out of place to say that one of our Scottish newspapers has lately said of him, "Although the Maitland and Spalding Clubs, "and many antiquarian individuals have rescued the "records of the country from oblivion, yet John "Maclean, the Inverness Historian, by dint of pow- "erful recollection in his own person, may be said to "have eclipsed them." And one of our ablest and most patriotic Chiefs writes—"It is an unusual bles- "sing conferred on frail and feeble humanity, that "the mind should exercise its unimpaired functions, "and the memory retain its perfect power, when so

" many years have worn the fleshly machine in which " these work."

In placing these sketches before the public, I avail myself of the opportunity to express for my father and myself, our respectful thanks to the Editors of the various newspapers and publications in the old and new worlds, who have brought his case before the public, as well as our unfeigned gratitude to the numerous sons of the Gael, " noble, gentle, and simple," at home and abroad, whose benevolence has cast a parting gleam of sunshine on the shortening days of Centenarian.

To his exalted and illustrious Sovereign, who has graciously extended to him her Royal bounty, it would be presumptuous in him to attempt to express his sense of the honour and the benefit she has conferred upon him ; and while his lamp of life shall last, he will offer up his heartfelt supplications for her long, prosperous, and happy reign.

F. M'L.

THE MACKINTOSHES OF BORLUM, &c.

The Mackintoshes of Borlum were a sept or branch of the Clan Chattan, who had, many centuries ago, as the members of the clan increased, and its power and territory extended, became settled at some distance beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the family possessions of the chief and the country (properly so called,) of the Clan Mackintosh. Like most of the junior branches of the families of Highland chiefs, they had little to depend upon, except what might be acquired by craft in Council or success in arms; and the Borlum estate became the property of the Mackintoshes, without the intervention of a loquacious auctioneer, or the officious pedantry of a formal lawyer. Acting on what was the universal maxim of the age, that "might made right," the Mackintoshes effected the sale by the claymore, took infeftment and sasine of the lands and tenements by the same instrument, without the aid of a notary public, and held possession by wielding, as frequently as occasion required, and with as much power as they could muster, the weapon by the use of which they came into possession.

Situated, as they were, at some distance from the main body of the clan, they formed a sort of picquet or outpost, whose duty it was to watch the movements of the neighbouring clans in the districts of Strath-

errick, Urquhart, the Aird, and Ross-shire, and to give intimation to the general body of any intended or attempted encroachment or invasion. It followed from their outward and insulated position, with reference to the main body of the clan, that they had to sustain the first shock of any hostile movement directed against the clan from the west and north, and had to discharge the last or parting blow on the retreat of the enemy; and thus, as with the Borderers in the south, but within a narrower sphere of operation, they were almost unceasingly engaged, either in predatory excursions, or in more regular and formidable attacks. The consequence of occupying so precarious a position, and of the frequent and dangerous conflicts to which it continually exposed them, was, that the Mackintoshes of Borlum became formidable and ferocious, the scourge of the district,—a terror to their foes, and dangerous even to their friends,—a necessary and useful adjunct of the clan, and yet wholly or almost independent of it—certainly beyond the immediate sphere of its control.

The precise period at which the Mackintoshes became possessed of Borlum, is, like most events of the time, involved in considerable uncertainty; but they certainly became the proprietors of that estate upwards of four centuries ago, and continued in possession of it beyond the middle of the last century. From circumstances hereafter detailed, their power, however, declined, becoming

"Small by degrees, and beautifully less."

until at last it altogether ceased, and the estate was transferred to other hands. In 1766 it was purchased by Mr Fraser, a Director of the East India Company,

a descendant of the ancient family of Foyers, and father of the present amiable proprietrix, Lady Saltoun.

Throughout the whole of the period during which it was in the possession of the Mackintoshes, it was less or more the resort of the most unprincipled and desperate characters in the country, who found a welcome asylum to protect them from consequences of former misdeeds, and ready employment for future mischief. With few exceptions, the Lairds had acquired a fearful notoriety in the Highlands for the perpetration of every species of crime, in an age, and at a time when people were not over scrupulous as to the means by which they acquired property, or the manner in which a real or supposed wrong or affront was avenged.

The Mackintoshes of Borlum are now laid in the dust, and the land which once knew them, knows them no more; but the remembrance of their iniquities is still associated with the scenes of their former crimes. It is, indeed, difficult to believe, when we look with feelings of pleasure and admiration on the beautiful estate of Lady Saltoun, which is so fertile in cultivation—so tastefully laid out—the home and the hope of so many happy and contented beings; that there, at one time ruled with a rod of iron the Mackintoshes of Borlum, as distinguished for their strength and extent of daring, as most of them were pre-eminent for cruelty and crime. Reared up from infancy amidst scenes of blood and danger, they reckoned time by the number and atrocity of their deeds of spoliation and murder, and closed their career in the pursuit of plunder and revenge.

Instead of fruitful fields, yielding laborious but com-

fortable sustenance to cheerful hundreds, the estate was, when the Mackintoshes possessed it, barren and naked, except where it was covered with whins and broom; and where extensive plantations judiciously laid out, intermixed with shrubbery and evergreens, now rise with their variegated foliage enlivening and diversifying the landscape, nothing then met the eye but the sterile monotony of heath and stone, with here and there a miserable hut—the temporary residence of daring and restless robbers, the terror of the adjacent country, and the congenial friends and allies of the Lairds of Borlum Castle. "I well remember," adds old John, "the black castle of Borlum, being several times in it on visits to an honest man, whose character was the extreme to that of its occupiers for centuries before." This building was extremely strong —almost impregnable, and was situated on an eminence within a few yards of that on which the present Ness Castle stands, now the residence of Alexander Mactavish, Esq., banker, Inverness.

But what will not time and the industry of man produce? For barren moors and sterile plains, we now see plenty issuing from the pregnant bosom of the earth, and instead of the appalling gloom of Borlum's proud and frowning castle, we behold not a great way off the elegant and hospitable mansion of Lady Saltoun—surrounded by its smooth lawn, its serpentine walks, and shady bowers. Nor is hers the only mansion, for there are many others besides bearing witness to the progress of civilisation, and the beneficial changes effected generally on the extensive estate of Borlum. But could the castle ruins, (traces of which are still visible.) the green knolls and running brooks,

or the Ness's clear and silvery stream, which winds its way immediately behind, speak the tales of other times, they

> "——— Could a tale unfold whose lightest word
> Would harrow up the soul,"

but these witnesses are dumb, and dumb they were doomed to be—yet other witnesses looked on, and thus some account of the foul deeds done have been "handed down from sire to son," for,

> "Murder, tho' it hath no tongue,
> Will speak with most miraculous organ."

Of all those who figure in the list of Borlum's Lairds, the one who lived about the time of James V. and in the minority of Queen Mary, surpassed them all for fiendish ferocity. Like Rob Roy (but without any mitigating circumstances to palliate or excuse his conduct,) he levied *black mail* on the neighbouring Lairds, and unfortunately the favour and protection of the Earl of Huntly, then Governor of the Castle of Inverness, (and who invariably lived with Borlum, when he came to visit his hunting grounds of Druimashie and other places in the neighbourhood,) emboldened him to levy the imposition, and effectually secured him from the consequences. Whoever refused the compulsory payment to Borlum or paid the tribute grudgingly, might look with certainty for a speedy and fearful revenge. Nor was his Lady a whit better than her Lord. Strong and masculine in person, she was at least as unfortunate as he was in temper, and if possible more savage in revenge. Never did a greater fiend in female form appear upon the earth, nor was her determination and courage unequal to the execution of her worst purposes; and of her, in

the words of Lady Macbeth, it might be truly said—

> " ——— I have given to suck ; and know
> How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me ;
> I would, while it was smiling in my face,
> Have pluck'd my nipple from its boneless gum,
> And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
> Have done to this."

The stories which have been handed down of this fierce couple, are as numerous as they are frightful. Of these, the murder of the venerable Provost Junor of Inverness was one, and in some degree illustrates their characters. Mrs Mackintosh, (or, as the Laird's wife is called in Gaelic, *bean an tighearn*, or the Laird's lady,) on one occasion went to Inverness, where her visits would be most agreeably dispensed with; or, in other words, " her absence would be considered good company" by the terrified inhabitants, She was followed by two mischievous imps, as train bearers, or lady's henchmen. In the course of her perambulations through the town, she was seen by the worthy Provost in a position

> " That mantled to his cheek
> The blush of shame,"

and he was so shocked at her rude and indelicate demeanour, that he took courage to reprove her, exclaiming—" O, fie, fie, Lady Borlum." On hearing this, she fixed her kindling eye, glaring with the fiery fierceness of the crouching tiger ere he leaps. More than once she made an effort to speak, but she was choked with passion—her heart was too full " of pride, of rage and malice"—all her faculties were wound up, and her tongue refused its office—she stood immoveable as a marble. At length, making a desperate effort, and raising herself to her full height, she said, as she

slowly turned away her flaming eye, "You shall dearly pay for this," and passed on. Her determined but subdued tone, her flashing eye, that plainly indicated

> "——— The coming events
> That cast their shadows before,"

impressed the decent, sober, but in this case indiscreet magistrate, with a presentiment of future revenge.

Lady Borlum having inwardly sworn (and she seldom swore an oath that it might be broken,) that the Provost's death alone should satisfy her revenge, proceeded homewards, ruminating over her wrong, and concocting schemes for the execution of her diabolical purpose. Borlum was not at home on her return, and did not arrive for sometime thereafter; but, in the interval, the violence of her fury had rather increased than diminished, and she hailed her lord's return as the speedy harbinger of death; and when she beheld, as she did at the first glance—by his dark and stern look, lowering brow, and compressed lips, that he too was in no very amiable humour, she welcomed him with more than ordinary joy, and he was scarcely seated when she poured her tale, with such exaggerations as her malice suggested, into an ear as greedy to hear as she to tell; and when she had finished, she said that nothing could or would satisfy her but the old man's death. To this Borlum, without reflecting on the matter—for in his estimation it would have been beneath him to trouble himself a moment in reflecting on such a trifling affair as the death of a burgher—at once assented. The Provost's death being thus agreed upon, the how, by whom, and where, were the next questions to be settled.

Having obtained, rather than won the Laird's assent,

which she had asked more as a matter of course than as a thing essential, the gloomy pair sat down to supper. Both intent on separate purposes, they partook of the evening meal in silence. The moor, the valley, and the stream supplied the supper. The moors of Stratherrick furnished the game; the rich flavoured and sweet tasted mutton was taken in foray from some of the estates in the neighbourhood; and the prolific Ness yielded the salmon. The strong pot ale that overtopped the rich gilt flaggons that lined the board, was home brewed; the genuine mountain dew that filled the capacious vessel that occupied the centre of the table, was distilled in Abriachan's most secret shade; and the generous and exhilarating products of the vine, which, in long necked bottles, adorned with silver tops, graced the table, were a present from an offshot of the family, who had been forced to fly to foreign climes, but who, amidst the excitement of foreign wars, the charms of France and Italy, and the fascinating influence of more civilised and more enchanting manners, never forgot the land of his birth,

> "The birth place of valour,
> The country of worth."

The silent gloomy supper over, and the dishes removed, the congenial pair moved towards the fire. Long and silently they sat. Both were wrapt up in alternate musings of past mischief and future revenge. In the bosoms of both, the compunctions of conscience for past misdeeds, for a moment pricked the soul, and in the next, from an innate love of mischief, and a fiendish self-condemnation for having even for a moment listened to the still small voice of reason, their

hearts were kindled into revenge—their souls were dark—their purposes Satanic; and these two, whom no magic chord of love did bind, who felt not the uniting bond of man and wife, nor the indescribable co-union and co-existence which parents feel when children bless the marriage knot—these two, who had never known the secret mystery by which in friendship, love and affection, soul communicates with soul, were linked and bound in inseparable and constant union in the dark impulses of mischief, and the self-consuming gratification of revenge.

For hours they sat, wrapt in black thought and desperate purpose, until the flickering light of the dying fire, shedding an uncertain and party coloured glare on their recumbent forms, and unmoved but fearful countenances, aroused them from contemplation to talk as well as think of bloody purposes. Lady Borlum retold her story and urged her lord to revenge the insult which had been offered to her. The Laird listened with attention, and signified his wish to hear how she proposed to gratify her desire. Various were the schemes proposed, and long the consultation continued; at length it was determined—for nothing else would satisfy the lady—that as the Provost would be taking his customary walk the following evening, he should be despatched by their two sons. Unless his life was taken away by the hand of one of her own flesh and blood, her vengeance, she said, would not be half satisfied; and her husband, although he had urged a bolder course, at last consented, and they retired to bed—to bed, but not to sleep—for what sleep can ever reach the tortuous restlessness of a foul mind, or silence the damning testimony of a guilty conscience.

On the following morning, Provost Junor rose as hearty and unconcerned as if the incident of the preceding day had not occurred,—his heart was at ease, no tremulous yearnings of conscience obtruded themselves to disturb his mind; nor did one passing thought of the previous day's encounter with Lady Borlum arise to disturb his serenity and self-complacency. That encounter, terrible certainly at the time, (and especially so to a man of his quiet habits and peaceable disposition,) had ruffled his temper and very much frightened him, but it soon passed away, and in an hour afterwards, the happy, good natured official might be seen receiving and retailing the gossip of the town, with his usual cheerfulness and good humour—his fright had entirely melted away, and like last year's snow, left no trace of its temporary existence behind. On the succeeding day he got up at his usual hour, and paid his accustomed formal attention to the cleanliness and neatness of his magisterial person; his square hat was carefully brushed, his wig was made trim and neat, his broad flapped coat was well dusted, his knee breeches, with fringes above the knee, as was the fashion of the time, were stainless; nor were his "*brocan dhu*" forgotten, although Day and Martin were yet unborn. Thus attired, and ample justice done to a good breakfast, he took his gold mounted official staff and went forth to attend to his private business (that of skin merchant,) and his magisterial functions. Having paid the requisite attention to his "ain" private affairs, which, as a prudent and well doing citizen, it behoved him to do, as he was wont to say, he applied himself to the discharge of his public duties with well meaning zeal; and with a pomposity which was

somewhat foreign to his nature, and which therefore became him with at least questionable grace, but which he thought the dignity of the office made it necessary for him to assume. His business being over, he returned to his house about mid-day—partook of the plain and substantial dinner which was set before him, with a hearty appetite and a contented mind. After dinner he enjoyed his nap and relished his chat as usual—no cloud crossed his brow, no apprehensions of coming evil agitated his mind, nor was his heart touched by any unpleasant forebodings. Time passed on; morning, noon, and evening came and went, and the shades of night began to fall gradually around,—nature seemed as if drawing together the curtains of repose,—the world was calm and still, not the profound silence of the midnight hour, but that soothing quietness which imparts a tender melancholy to the mind, making it serious without austerity, and contemplative without effort, and which touches and expands the better promptings of the heart. It was somewhat later than eight o'clock, as the guileless Provost left the town, and directed his steps towards the Gaic of Druinden, now called, from the circumstance of the Black Watch having been embodied and encamped there, Campfield. At this period there was no regular road between Inverness and Campfield, nor did the face of the hill westward of the town bear any traces of cultivation. It was then bare and sterile, although it is now adorned with elegant patches of garden, shrubbery, and plantation; and beautified by handsome villas. The irregular broken footway wound its course along the margin of the river, until near the present water house, when it diverged a little towards the base of the hill, and pro-

ceeded up the hollow between Drummond and Campfield. Along this path the Provost was in the habit of taking his walk in the summer and autumn evenings, and being a regular and exact man, he almost invariably went and returned at the same hour. On the particular evening to which allusion has been made, he proceeded on his walk with slow and steady pace, enjoying the solemn but not oppressive stillness which reigned around, now gazing in devout contemplation on the moveless sky, anon following with his eye the homeward flight of some wearied traveller of the feathered tribe; and when the eye could no longer trace his form on the darkening horizon, and attracted by the rippling of the stream as it broke over the stones and pebbles which obstructed its progress, he looked in silent admiration on the ceaseless flow of the waters of his own bright river, now tinged with the darkening hues of the clouds above, as it swept on in its course to join the ocean.

But to return to Borlum Castle. As the soft golden light of the setting sun was taking a parting kiss of the western mountain tops, and the black clouds, which began gradually descending, as if to relieve the rays of the setting sun, announced the approach of the crime begetting night, the sons of Borlum were called to their mother's presence. Though bred in a school where scruples formed no part of the discipline, yet the young men were somewhat staggered when informed by their *loving* mother of the business they were to perform. Although sufficiently inured to crime, to blunt, if not entirely to eradicate any compunctious yearnings of humanity, they still retained something of the buoyancy and chivalry of youth not

to feel some repugnance to commit a deed so foul and so unmanly; and, accordingly, took the liberty of telling her that they felt great reluctance to obey her commands, and that it would oblige them if she appointed some other instruments of vengeance. Curbing her wrath against such disobedience, and the better to accomplish her purpose, she disclosed to them the provocation which she had received. But instead of the recital producing the anticipated effect, the sons could scarce refrain from indulging in open laughter. The mother's quick and eager eyes saw this irreverence, and her wrath was rising into fury—a fury which the sons, bold and desperate as they were, could not face without fear, and which they no sooner perceived than they yielded an ungracious acquiescence, and with little loss of time departed on their mission. As they reached the verge of the eminence which overlooks the pathway, they beheld the Provost at some distance advancing with easy step towards them. They remained concealed until he had gained the summit of the hill, and when but a few yards from them, he paused to take breath after the ascent, and survey the familiar scene before him. The assassins sprung from their lurking place with the agility and ferocity of their race, and ere the worthy magistrate could recognise his murderers, he breathed his last, pierced in several places by their daggers.

Thus foully fell, by the hands of Borlum's ruthless sons, and at the instigation of their more bloody mother, between his sixtieth and seventieth year, Provost Junor of Inverness—a skin merchant by trade—a wealthy and respectable citizen—an able magistrate, and a kind, inoffensive man. After the accomplish-

ment of this horrid and unprovoked tragedy, the brothers removed the body farther down the hill, and hid it in whin bushes. Having thus performed their mother's stern command, they returned with all possible haste to tell the pleasing tale. During their absence, Lady Borlum was unusually restless and uneasy —they had now been absent two hours, which seemed to her as so many days—she looked out with eager and watchful eyes, until the thickening darkness made farther watching unavailing, and at length, her patience was exhausted, and misgivings thick and strong came crowding upon her mind, that the resolutions of her sons had failed, or that some unlucky accident had interposed between her purpose and its accomplishment—that the attempt had been made and the deed not done, or that unlooked for aid came to the old man's rescue, and murdered those who were to be his murderers. These, and a thousand other conjectures, came rushing upon her with the rapidity of thought, and made her almost mad. At length, however, she heard a knocking at the outer iron gate of the Castle, when her heart beat with increased velocity and violence; her breathing became quick and difficult, her eyes burned and her head swam—bound up in the feverishness of anxiety and the intensity of suspense, she stood motionless, and when her two sons entered the room, and pointed to their unsheathed daggers covered with blood as the most eloquent and impressive description of the work they had done—she turned her burning and glazing eyes upon the daggers, and giving a scream of fiendish joy, fell upon the floor.

Here, for the present, we must leave this crime be-

getting haunt and return to the house of mourning and of woe. The Lady of Borlum was not the only one who on this fatal night felt anxiety and alarm. Ten o'clock came, a more than usually late hour for the Provost to be out, and yet he returned not, but his wife, though somewhat alarmed at his absence, was still confident he might have met some neighbour and gone home with him to crack over a "*cogie*" or two of ale; or he might be engaged on some council business; but when eleven o'clock came and the Provost not returning, she became restless, and some shadows of alarm began to cross her mind; still she sat without communicating her uneasiness to any one. Midnight brought not back Provost Junor, and the dark forebodings which the hushed silence of the midnight hour is apt to bring to more easy minds than Mrs Provost Junor's, then began to settle into alarm and terror. Morning arrived and yet no traces of her loving and affectionate husband. The tidings of the sudden disappearance of the worthy Provost excited the greatest sensation and alarm for his safety, and numerous were the conjectures whispered about him in the town and neighbourhood, but none which could afford any consolation to his anxious wife. The Council now assembled and dark hints were freely exchanged as to his mysterious fate. After many fruitless inquiries, it was at length resolved to search along the line of his usual evening walk—as more than one had seen him going in that direction, but none saw him return. This search was prosecuted with great diligence and minuteness, and at length the mutilated body of the murdered magistrate was found huddled together under a whin bush—his hat and stick at

some distance off. The towns-people crowded around the body, and there was not a dry eye present, nor a silent tongue. Every one remembered something to his credit, and as the body was carefully and solemnly carried to the town, the praises of the departed magistrate, were feelingly sung, amidst tears and lamentations by his sorrowing fellow-citizens.

An investigation was immediately entered into, for the purpose of discovering, and punishing the perpetrators of this foul deed. Various circumstances were discovered calculated to bring strong suspicions on the Borlum family, and in a day or two after the murder, there remained no room to doubt, what all from the very first suspected, that the assassins were the sons of Borlum. Meetings after meetings were held to bring them to punishment; but the town council, although eager enough to avenge the death of their chief magistrate, dreaded the ferocity and power of Borlum (who was himself a member of council,) the more particularly as he was backed by the friendship and power of the Earl of Huntly, at that time exercising almost regal authority in the north, and by whom, as has already been noticed, black Mackintosh of Borlum was always protected from the consequences of his evil deeds. The council, therefore, however reluctantly, were obliged to abandon the idea of punishing the assassins, and all they could do to show their respect for the deceased provost, and their detestation and horror of his murderers, was to pass a resolution that no member of the Borlum family should ever be eligible to a seat in the town council of Inverness—a resolution which was ever after during their occupancy of Borlum and Raitles most strictly adhered to.*

Not long after the tragedy of Provost Junor's death, another victim fell a sacrifice to the bloodthirsty vengeance of the Lady of Borlum. As was usual in every Laird's family at this time, there lived in that of Borlum a female servant, whose principal business was to bake the family bread, and who from this circumstance, and her shortness of stature, obtained the *soubriquet* of "*Ipac Bheag na Breacaig*," or little Isabel of the bannocks. On the evening on which Provost Junor was murdered, Ipac Bheag had been sent on some errand to Inverness, and as she was returning, became an unwilling and accidental witness of the murderous deed done by her master's sons, and partaking of the weakness which has at all times characterised her sex, she could neither get rest, or peace of mind, until she found some one in whom she could confide, and unburthen her mind of the dangerous and fearful load with which it was charged. Relying on the fidelity and integrity of a fellow servant, Ipac, still with great reluctance, unbosomed herself to this person, and revealed to her all she had seen—the revelation at the same time lightening herself of the burden which agonised her whole frame. In a few days thereafter this *confidante* made it no point of conscience to betray poor Ipac to her ruthless master and mistress. From that moment her fate was sealed. Neither the laird, his lady, or their sons, cared much about the fact of a witness having been present to bear testimony to their

* Subsequently to that period, however, more than one descendant of this ill-fated family sat in the council, and also filled the office of provost with credit and honour—gentlemen who excelled in humanity, and who delighted in doing good to their poor fellow-creatures; but this was after Borlum and Raitles had passed into more honest hands, and after the last laird of Borlum had fled the country.

villany. The Provost's murder, they knew, had been clearly traced to them, and could not be denied. It was, therefore, a matter of perfect indifference to them, whether or not there were any witnesses who could give direct and positive evidence as to their guilt. They depended not on their power to hide the truth, but on their power to shield themselves from its consequences. But indifferent, as they consequently were, as to who saw or did not see the act committed, it was another, and a very different affair, that one of their servants, eating their own bread, having many opportunities of observing their every act, should publish so important a secret, and blab their guilt to the world. For this imprudence, in the estimation of the Borlum family one of the most heinous of crimes, Ipac's death was resolved on. On the day after it came to the knowledge of the family that she had acted an unguarded part, she was sent on a pretended message to Bona Ferry, a distance of about two miles westward from the castle, and when returning late in the evening, she was waylaid, and most barbarously murdered. To conceal murder, fresh murder must be committed; thus it ever is. The mind once habituated to crime, all the restraints of morality, religion, and of conscience, are overthrown—guilt becomes familiar, and conscience callous.

> "I am so steeped in guilt, that
> I may as well go through as turn back."

For many, many years afterwards, Ipac's ghost was seen to "haunt the lone vale," wandering up and down the banks of the river, and its doleful lamentations were heard within the walls of Borlum Castle. The very herds who were wont to tend their sheep and

cattle along the banks of the Ness, were so familiar with Ipac Bheag's wraith, that its mournful cries latterly became a signal to them to return home with their charge.

We have already mentioned that the Borlum family were the terror and scourge of the neighbouring lairds. However, Maclean of Dochgarroch, who had experienced much annoyance and oppression, made a bold attempt to resist Borlum's overbearing power, and set his threats at defiance, which so maddened him, that to be revenged he directed his son, and about thirty of his vassals and dependants, to proceed to Dochgarroch house, erase it to the ground, and destroy everything belonging to his now mortal enemy. The good and worthy proprietor of Dochgarroch, being apprised of this force having marched, and the object in view, but ignorant of their number, sent twelve brave and faithful clansmen to watch young Borlum and his desperate companions in arms. On the north bank of the river, a little to the west of the ancient Castle of Spiritual, the little band of the Maclean's met the more numerous one of Borlum advancing at a rapid pace; no words were exchanged, no explanation demanded; both parties knew each other too well to require information as to either's mission. Undismayed by the disparity in numbers, the Macleans with their claymores and Lochaber axes, rushed upon their opponents. The Macleans maintained their ground most gallantly, diminishing their foes at every blow, and ultimately forced them into the river, where, up to their middle in the water, the battle was fought with unabated fury, and deadly animosity, for a considerable time. The clear stream was reddened with the

blood of the slain and wounded, for some distance from the spot of combat. So brave and determined were the Macleans, with the recollections of the wrongs and oppressions of their foes fresh in their memory, and the desperate enterprise upon which they then were, that every blow inflicted added fresh vigour to the resolute arm dealing it, and they firmly resolved, that before yielding to the Laird of Borlum's son, every one should be "with his back to the field, and his feet to the foe." Such was the undaunted courage and deadly determination evinced by both parties, that the combatants did not separate until almost annihilated. Of the gallant little handful of Macleans, three only survived to tell the result of this bloody fray; and among the eight of the Mackintoshes who escaped, was Borlum's wounded son.

Tidings of this affair spread like wildfire through the country; and the neighbouring lairds were secretly rejoiced at the repulse the Mackintoshes thus received; and the undaunted bravery displayed by the few sons of Clan Gillean was the theme of their praise. This battle brought some discredit on the Mackintoshes. Nevertheless for a time they continued to advance in importance, not only from the number of their vassals, and the daring and desperate character of the Laird and his followers, but also from the favour and countenance extended to the Laird of that day, by the Earl of Huntly, whose power and authority in the north, as already stated, was of itself a sufficient shield. But soon afterwards they gradually declined; their followers became few—they were less fortunate in their adventures—and their power and importance became more limited; it was getting "short by degrees, and beautifully less."

It was supposed that the Laird of Borlum, in return for the favour and protection which he had uniformly received from the Earl of Huntly, was indirectly implicated in the betrayal of the Chief of Clan Chattan to the Earl, who had him executed, and that in revenge for this real, or supposed betrayal, the estate of Borlum suffered some part of the punishment which the clan inflicted on those who were implicated in the affair. Be this as it may, it is nevertheless certain that from this time the family power began to decline; but although decreasing in power, the successive Lairds lost little of that ferocity which had obtained for them so bad a notoriety, nor did they degenerate from their forefathers in their deportment in battle, or their avidity for crime. It is, however, but right to except from this sweeping condemnation, the most celebrated member of the family, Brigadier General Mackintosh, or he was more familiarly called, "Old Borlum," who, though possessing much of the sternness, had very little of the cruelty, of his forefathers. His indomitable courage, enterprising character, and unshaken constancy, was conspicuously displayed in his daring expedition across the Forth—his skilful and masterly retreat to Kelso—his bravery at Preston—his escape from Newgate, and subsequent flight to France, which have left for him a proud name in the annals of his country, that in some measure redeems the character of his family from that infamy, which their cruelty deservedly obtained for them. From various causes, some of them, no doubt, arising from the civil wars, in which the Borlum family took an active part, in favour of the unfortunate Stuarts, the family was, in the time of Edward, the

last laird, very greatly diminished, and somewhere about the year 1760, the extensive estate of Borlum was sold. It had been in the possession of the Mackintoshes for upwards of three hundred years, never likely to be again the property of any of that ilk. The estate of Raits, or Raitles, in Badenoch, was still held by them, where Edward, the last laird resided, whose character in a great measure corresponded with that of too many of his ancestors.

From the period at which Provost Junor was assassinated by the Mackintoshes of Borlum, the power of that family gradually declined. The clan Mackintosh, whose interest it was to keep up a good understanding with the burgh of Inverness; and who, besides, felt the natural repugnance which was entertained, even in those unscrupulous days, to the perpetration of murder, under circumstances not connected with the interest or credit of the clan, and which could not be justified by any of the (so-called) "laws of honor and clanship" which prevailed in the Highlands at the time, were not slow in expressing their disapprobation of the heartless and cowardly act. The apparent independence of the rest of the clan which the lairds of Borlum had, for a long period, arrogated to themselves, arising from their isolated position, their previous services to the clan, their direct family power and influence; and above all, the countenance which they received from, and the services which they rendered to, the all powerful family of Huntly, at length subjected them, not only to the suspicion of the clan but exposed them to the secret hatred and open hostility of the chiefs of Clan Chattan. The consequence of such a combination of adverse circumstances was then,

as it would be now, that those who were the followers of the Lairds of Borlum, through fear, gradually became emboldened, as the power of the latter declined, to throw off their yoke; and that those who followed them from interested and merely mercenary motives, diminished in number as the influence of the family perceptibly leesened, and the prospects of reward became more uncertain.

But these causes, powerful and sufficient as they appear, were not the only ones to which we are to attribute the fall of this family. There were higher, more potent and less fallible causes at work, the existence of which, in the decline and fall of the family, it would be as impious to deny, as the attempt to describe the mode in which they operated, would be rash and presumptuous. *The Christian believes, and the infidel feels and fears, the certainty of retributive justice.* Its progress may be accelerated or protracted, but nothing is so certain in physical science,—in the investigations of the astrologer or the chemist; nor even in the certainty of the connection which must exist betwcen cause and effect, as that justice will be done even upon earth; and that he who gives the assurance that the bread, which is thrown upon the waters, shall, after many days, return with increase, will as certainly punish "the iniquities of the father upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation."

Exposed to the operation of these agencies, and writhing under the withering influences of the unconcealed dislike of the clan, the openly expressed disgust of their neighbours, and what was still more galling to their feelings and pride, being openly bearded and defied by the worthless wretches who had been called

into importance by their power and patronage, the Lairds of Borlum as they declined in power, became more remorseless. As the means of committing injustice became more limited, their passions became more fiendish and debased ;—their infamy increased as their degradation was made more manifest ;—their moral turpitude became more impervious as loss succeeded loss, and degradation followed degradation, until at last, like the ruined gambler of modern times, who has become involved in the vortex of play, and who resorts to one unfair trick after another, as his means melt away, despised and scouted by his former associates, he is forced to seek other company, among whom he may play a still more disreputable part,—the Mackintoshes gradually fell from their feudal power and lordly splendour, and were forced to leave

"The land o'er which they had ruled supreme,"

and take up their residence on the estate of Raitles, in Badenoch, and sink from the dignified position of lairds levying black mail, to the less honorable profession of "taking purses, and going by the moon and seven stars."

At Raitles, or as it is now called Belleville, the last Laird of Borlum, Edward Mackintosh resided. In many respects he excelled most of his forefathers in ferocity, and was one of the most daring robbers that ever lived in the Highlands of Scotland. Within a mile and a half of the mansion-house, there is an artificial cave in which he and his band found a convenient and secure lurking place, from which to sally forth to rob travellers of their purses, and sometimes of their lives. In a recently published statistical account of

Inverness-shire, will be found mention made of this cave, "It states that the excavation, when entire, amounted to 145 yards—was artificially built round with dry stones, and covered on the top with large gray flags, by a desperate band of depredators, commonly called *Clannmagilleanoidh*." Over the cave was erected a turf cottage, or dwelling-house, such as the people of the country inhabited at the time, the inmates of which enjoyed the confidence of the occupiers of the cave; were the depositaries of their secrets, and participated along with them in the spoil of the Macphersons.

In the now thriving village of Kingussie, in the immediate vicinity of the haunt of the Mackintoshes and their associates, there were at the time of which we write, but a few miserable, straggling huts, whose proximity to the cave imposed no check upon Borlum's movements, but rather aided, than obstructed him in his bad and bold career; for it not unfrequently happened that travellers, whilst refreshing themselves at the little public-house in the village, were joined by some of Edward's associates, who on such occasions kept the mountain dew in circulation, so as to make easier victims; and when the unfortunate traveller sallied forth to renew his journey, under the disadvantage of a glass too much, some of the gang were sure to waylay him, and ease him of his cash. For a long time, Edward and his lawless crew conducted their depredations with caution and secresy; but emboldened by impunity and success, they at length became recklessly daring, put the law at defiance, and committed crimes of the greatest enormity in open day, insomuch that the whole district was alarmed, and accounts of their crimes spread over the kingdom, and

prevented travellers from going by that road. Nevertheless, there were no means taken to suppress the daring outrages daily committed by this band of highwaymen. On one occasion, Edward being informed by some of his satellites, that Mr Macgregor, factor or chamberlain for the Laird of Grant, was collecting the rents from the tenants in Glen Urquhart, thought it no bad concern to lay in wait for his return in the lonely, wild, and craggy rocks of Slochmuicht. Accordingly, he set out alone, thinking—being well armed, that he himself would easily overcome the worthy factor, and accomplish the object sought, viz., to rob him of all his money. In that obscure and wild retreat, he remained two days in the utmost anxiety. Mr Macgregor at last made his appearance, mounted on a Highland pony, accompanied by a trusty gillie. Edward Mackintosh immediately sprung from his hiding place, levelled and fired his piece, but as the factor anticipated that, Ned Mackintosh, or some of his party would be on the look out for securing a rich booty, he took the precaution of having himself and servant well armed; consequently, when the shot was fired, fortunately with no effect, the factor, in the true spirit of his namesake Rob Roy, returned the fire, and then challenged Ned to fight with claymore or pistol. Edward finding he was thus discovered, precipitately fled to his place of concealment, like a tiger disappointed of his prey, and Mr Macgregor was allowed to proceed in safety with his wallet well filled with bank notes, gold and silver, to Castle Grant. All were not so fortunate as Mr Macgregor, for sometime thereafter, a poor wandering and aged fiddler, who, besides, supplying the surrounding country with his wares, was also the newsvender and chronicler of

events, and who, from his honest prineiples and inoffensive humour, had become a favourite for many years with high and low, and familiar with all, had been waylaid, robbed, and murdered, as it was conjectured, by Ned Mackintosh or some of his companions, and his body afterwards buried in the sands of Spey side. Justice, though it may for a time be eluded, and sometimes frustrated, will eventually prevail, for

> "——— many a crime, deem'd innocent on earth,
> Is registered in heaven; and there no doubt
> Have each a record with a curse annexed."

A drover of the name of John M'Rory, *alias* Macfarquhar, from the neighbourhood of Redcastle, Rossshire, who had been for many years in the habit of driving eattle south by the Perth road and was reputed wealthy, was one time returning home from the southern markets, where he had been disposing of his eattle, and when two or three miles north of the now flourishing, eleau, and populous village of Kingussie, was waylaid by Edward and (as he said) his illegitimate brother Alexander. M'Farquhar, or as he was more eommonly called M'Rory, (by whieh last name we will abide), was rather an ugly eustomer to deal with, and in a fair stand up fight, would have paid any man in as sound a manner as he got. Edward, who was some distanee in advanee of his brother, commanded M'Rory to deliver up his purse, otherwise his life must pay the forfeit. M'Rory did not much relish either the proposition or the alternative; but ere he had time to speak, Edward's hand had grasped his throat, and with the other, seized the bridle of the drover's horse. M'Rory was fully sensible of his perilous situation. Alexander was hastening to his brother's assistanee, and was not many yards off, when to inerease his fear and anxiety,

the drover heard the tread of approaching footsteps caused no doubt by the advance of some more of the same gang. There was no time to lose—every thing depended upon expedition and self command. The drover raised his right hand to his throat, as if to grasp the oppressive hand of his antogonist, but in reality to cut his neckerchief with his knife. This done he passed his hand to the reins, and cut them; then clutching Ned by the throat, hurled him to the distance of some yards, and at the same moment applying the whip to his garron, made "twa pair of legs" worth one pair of hands. Bending his body down as far as possible on the neck of his nag, off he went at full speed. He did not, however, altogether escape scaithless, for ere he could get beyond the range of their fire the bullets whistled, as he afterwards declared, "like hailstanes aboot his lugs," some of which even penetrated his clothes, particularly his great coat, but fortunately no further. But for the thick quality and superabundant quantity of his apparel, Jock M'Rory might bid adieu to all terrestrial affairs. Upon his arrival in Inverness, he called upon the Sheriff, Mr Campbell of Delnies, (a gentleman to whom access at all times was easily obtained), to whom he communicated the particulars of his unpleasant encounter. A warrant was immediately issued, and placed in the hands of an officer, for the apprehension of Edward Mackintosh, and his brother Alexander, they being the only persons M'Rory had ever seen and could identify. Although the officer received injunctions to apprehend the Mackintoshes with the utmost secrecy and despatch, yet Edward contrived to get information of the warrant for his apprehension having been issued, and

the directions for executing it given to the officer to whom it was intrusted, when he summoned a full attendance of his companions in crime to the house of Raitts, where he entertained them to a sumptuous supper and splendid ball, and early next morning took his departure for the south, escorted a number of miles by his comrades.

He remained in private for some weeks in the house of a friend in Edinburgh, and afterwards made good his escape to France, where, previous to the Revolution, he attained to some eminence in the army of that country, but his ultimate fate is unkown. Whether he took part in the tragedy which Europe beheld with horror and amazement enacted in a country holding the first place in the march of civilization, and in the bloody actions of which he was, by his recklessness and ferocity, so well calculated to take a prominent part, is also unknown. The star of his house arose amidst the darkness and the barbarity of the feudal times, and attained, with surprising velolicty, a high altitude in power and in crime. In its progress it produced terror and destruction—the increasing light of advancing civilization gradually diminished its power, until, after more than three hundred years, it sank for ever, and their name

> "Doubly dying shall go down,
> To the vile dust from whence it sprung,
> Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

Although Edward Mackintosh, Laird of Borlum, as already mentioned, succeeded in effecting his escape, yet his illegitimate brother, Alexander, was apprehended and conveyed to Inverness, and, in due time, tried for robbery, and other crimes. He pleaded Not Guilty, and attempted to prove an *alibi*. The evidence

of Macfarquhar, alias Macrory, as to the facts before detailed, and Alexander's identity, was positive; and other witnesses were adduced on the part of the crown to corroborate, by circumstantial evidence, the testimony of the principal witness. Mackintosh produced several witnesses to prove that it was not he who fired at Macrory, and that he never in his life accompanied Edward in his lawless pursuits—his habits being quiet, peaceable, and honest. Some of these witnesses had been acquainted with Edward and his associates, and their evidence was therefore in a great degree disregarded. His counsel made an able and eloquent appeal in his behalf; but the charge of the judge—who, in summing up, told the jury that very little reliance was to be placed on the credibility of the witnesses for the defence—entirely removed the impression which the prisoner's counsel had made; and from the positive testimony of Macrory, and the bad notoriety which the prisoner's brother, Edward, and his companions had acquired, the jury, after some deliberation, returned a verdict of *guilty*. The prisoner heard the verdict with the same calm, and decent composure, which he manifested throughout the trial. The Court was crowded to suffocation, and great sympathy was manifested by the majority of the audience for the prisoner, whom they believed to be innocent, and none felt and sympathised more than the present narrator of those events. The most death-like silence pervaded the Court—every countenance reflected the awful solemnity which all felt, and, in slow and impressive accents, the Judge pronounced the dreadful sentence of the law—the most awful it can inflict—death. Even during the delivery of this terrible judgment—every word of

which, sunk into the prisoner's soul, and called forth tears of compassion and pity from many not used to the melting mood—even in this dreadful hour the prisoner flinched not—no weakness such as might have been expected on such an occasion manifested itself, and his fine, handsome form, clad in the humble grey *thickset*, or home-spun corded cloth, stood erect and firm, with that dignity so characteristic of the Highlanders on great and solemn occasions. Not a limb trembled—his look was sad, but steady, and not a muscle moved, except a slight quivering of the lip,—immoveable as a rock. Neither terrified nor dismayed by the awful scene around, he appeared the impersonation of manly fortitude and conscious innocence, bearing calamity without shrinking. When the Judge had ceased, Mackintosh, fixing his eyes steadily on him, solemnly and emphatically denied his guilt; and said, that although he had been guilty of many sins against his Maker, for which he hoped for forgiveness, he called that God before whom he must soon appear, to witness that he was as innocent of the crime for which he was condemned, as the infant at the breast. This declaration, at so serious a moment, and with a certain and ignominious death before him, produced a strong impression on the audience, which was increased by pity and commisseration for his wife and family. His wife was a mild and gentle creature, and in every respect a most amiable woman. The prisoner was removed from the bar amidst the prayers and blessings, both loud and deep, of the greater portion of the audience.

At length, the day of Mackintosh's execution arrived. How solemn was that dreadful day! Such

as could leave their avocations did so in the morning, and paraded the streets in gloomy silence, or, if they spoke, it was only in whispers. By twelve o'clock the streets were almost entirely deserted, and nearly half the population of the town and neighbourhood was collected round the gibbet. It was erected at Muirfield, a little above the town, upon the top of the hill,

> " ——— from whose fair brow,
> The bursting prospect spreads around."

and on which several splendid villas, have recently been built. It was then, however, bare and naked—its desolate and cheerlees appearance, suiting well to the appalling scene that was about to take place. The day was cold and cloudy. The spectators, ranged around, looked with anxious fear on the unconscious instruments of death. At length, the culprit, accompanied by two clergymen (the Rev. Messrs Fraser and Mackenzie), the magistrates, and a strong posse of constables, appeared. Mackintosh ascended the fatal ladder with a steady and firm step and stared vacantly around—he appeared overwhelmed by internal agony—his face was pale, and large drops of perspiration rolled down his cheeks. The Rev. Murdo Mackenzie almost immediately commenced to discharge his sad duty. He began by prayer, to which the culprit listened with the utmost attention, and his countenance became more settled, as if communing with his Maker, and composing his soul. After prayer a psalm was sung, the voices of the assembled multitude raising in solemn consonance into the air. Methought, says John, the very wind wafted the heart-giving offering to the Throne on high. Mr Fraser thereafter read a text,

and commented upon it at considerable length. The subject of discourse was the great merit of the Redeemer's blood; and, as he proceeded, with great earnestness and animation, he consoled, cherished, and elevated the culprit's soul, by expatiating on the goodness and infinite mercy of God, and the efficiency, as well as the universality of the Redeemer's sacrifice. After this, another psalm was sung, and the Divine again concluded by praying, in so earnest and pathetic a manner as to draw tears from young and old. All eyes were now rivetted on the person of the unfortunate victim. The executioner slowly adjusted the noose and pulled down the white cap over his face. The feeling of the crowd was intense—no one breathed—a load oppressed all,—the brain became giddy, and every faculty, physical and mental, seemed convulsed when the culprit's voice broke in accents of piercing agony upon the ear, and sunk into the heart —the last words he uttered were—"Oh, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I come." The sound was still murmering in the breeze when the crowd were startled by a short, sharp knock, or jerk—a something falling, but not distinctly seen, that

> "——strikes an awe
> And terror on the aching sight."

and the culprit's lifeless body was swinging in the wind, and his soul winging its flight into the mansions of eternity. With mingled feelings of sorrow and horror, the multitude slowly and silently dispersed, many, if not most of the company, placing a small piece of bread under a stone, which, according to a superstitious tradition, would prevent after-dreams of the unfortunate Alexander Mackintosh.

After hanging the time required by law, the body was cut down, and according to the sentence, was placed in an iron cage, which was suspended from the top of a post near the gibbet, in order to be a warning and terror, in time coming, to evil-doers. During the afternoon, crowds of persons who had not the courage to be present at the execution, were to be seen going to view the body in the cage, and many were the good things said of the deceased. While the young women, in particular, heaved a heart-felt sigh for his untimely and dreadful end, the elders were loud and pathetic in their expressions of commiseration for his widow and children, and the old and grey-headed indulged in groans and ejaculations touching the career of the family, interspersed with doubts—rather indicated by a grave shake of the head than expressed—that those who were the condemners would have an awful account to give of that day's work. At length night closed in, and hid with its mantle from the gaze of the curious, the lifeless body of *Alister Macintosich*.

Notwithstanding the harsh and persevering attempts of every successive Government—from the accession of William the Third to the throne, down to the period of which we write—to destroy the feudal power of the chiefs, and to extirpate that feeling of clanship which had so long and so powerfully prevailed amongst the Highlanders, they still secretly, and sometimes openly, maintained their attachment to their chief, and their friendly and brotherly feeling to their namesakes and clansmen. Neither the Disarming Act nor the defeat at Culloden had extinguished this species of filial feeling between the members of the same clan, and although the law was now too powerful to permit this

feeling to display itself on an extensive scale in the open field, still it manifested itself not unfrequently at fairs and district gatherings—sometimes at marriages and funerals—and at times in the everyday business of ordinary life. The clan Mackintosh, in particular, had preserved with the utmost tenacity that spirit of clanship; and the disgrace which the execution of even an illegitimate member of the clan was supposed to bring upon the whole, was sensitively and painfully felt by them, and yet though they knew the fruitlessness of any attempt to impede or obstruct the course of justice, a few of them, resident in and about the town of Inverness, came to the determination of preventing any long continuance of the exposure of the body, by cutting it down and interring it. Amongst the number was William Mackintosh, a dyer, better known by the name of "Muckle Willie the Dyster," who, from his daring and great strength, was looked upon as a leader. The day, as we have said, had been cold and cloudy, and towards evening, showers of drizzling rain began to fall, the wind gradually increased, and about seven o'clock, when the dyer and his companions thought it safe to put their purpose into execution, it swept along, in strong gusts. The night was very dark—not a star was to be seen—and as the Mackintoshes stole cautiously out of the town, they, in an under tone, congratulated each other, that the night was so favourable for their design. They walked circumspectly and slowly until they reached the burn of Aultnaskiach, when they proceeded up the bed of the burn until they arrived at the bridge which crosses it, beyond the late Provost Robertson's house. From that place they crept, rather

than walked, over the barren heath, in the direction of the gallows. The eager dyer, in the exuberant ardour of his feelings for the honour of the clan, urged upon his companions (some of whom he perceived to be getting faint-hearted) to be firm and resolute, and stand by him; telling them that the honour of the clan was at stake, and that not a moment was to be lost. They did not, however, much relish Willie's proposition and appeal, but insisted on the necessity of caution. Whilst the ardent dyer was thus endeavouring to convince his associates, the whole party (with exception of the dyer,) were almost transfixed with fear, by hearing a short, hard, screeching sound, at no great distance from them. The clansmen stood statue-stiff—each held his breath—every one listened attentively to catch the faintest sound—every eye was strained to penetrate the darkness of the night, to discover the cause of the interruption—every heart beat with fear and apprehension; and a cold, clammy sweat trickled down their cheeks. For upwards of a minute the whole party stood fixed and mute—nothing was to be seen—nothing heard, save the whistling of the wind, and the grating sound produced by the swinging of the iron cage wherein the body was suspended. The party, however, seeing it like a black cloud hanging in the horizon above their heads, became irresolute and discouraged, and were on the eve of returning home, when Willie broke the silence by a very unceremonious "Pooh, you heard nothing but the wind. If there was any noise, why did I not hear it too? Come, come, let us do our work, and the —— tak' the hinmost." On this, they feebly and slowly followed Willie, who sprang to

the post, and climbing up with the agility a cat would a mountain, was speedily sitting on the top undoing the fastenings, and in a few minutes the cage, with its contents, fell at the feet of his companions with a crash, which they afterwards solemnly declared shook the earth under them. The body was taken out of the cage with the utmost despatch, and carried across the moor to the bank of the burn. Here they made a hole in the sand with their hands, in which the body was deposited, and covering it over, returned to their dwellings, inwardly congratulating themselves that so disagreeable and dangerous a piece of business was ended, and resolving never again to be engaged in such an enterprise, under any circumstances whatever. In the morning, when it was discovered that the body of Alister Mackintosh had been taken away during the night, a reward of five pounds was immediately offered to any person who should discover the perpetrators of this daring act, and considerable excitement was created in the town by the circumstance. Towards evening, a claimant appeared in the person of Little Tibbie, the wife of Archy the Waterman. She had been at Aultnaskiach burn for sand, and, to her amazement, discovered the stolen body of Mackintosh. She, with great speed, repaired to the town to claim the reward, and, burning with the importance of her discovery and anticipated reward, roared out as she ran—"Oh, sirs, sirs, Saunders Mackintosh's body!" She proceeded to the house of the Provost, who himself was a clansman; but a faithful clansman, who had heard Tibbie proclaiming the discovery she had made, arrived at the residence of the Provost before her, and communicated the disagreeable tidings

that Saunders' body had been found. The Provost, although obliged in the discharge of his duty to offer the reward, was by no means sorry that the body of his namesake had been taken down, and there were some who even insinuated that he was the instigator of the act himself. Be that however as it may; when Tibbie made her appearance before the Provost, she was not only coldly received, and the promised reward flatly refused, but she was likely to have more kicks than halfpence; for she was threatened with a night's lodging in the blackhole. In the meantime, another party of the clan, headed by the ever ready dyer, proceeded with the greatest expedition to Aultnaskiach burn, and removed the body to Campfield, where it was again interred, and allowed to remain.

The narrator relates the singular occurrence of a descendant of the Borlum family, whose life had been forfeited to the law, being buried not many yards from the spot where Provost Junor was assassinated, more than two centuries before, and he does not fail to ascribe to the Great Ruler of Events the circumstance which thus so forcibly realised the truth of the commandment, that the "Sins of the father shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation." Standing upon this spot, and recalling to memory the former pride, power, and cruelty of the Mackintoshes of Borlum—their subsequent misfortunes and disgrace—how variable appear the vicissitudes of human affairs, and the danger and instability of human greatness, and over the grave of the unfortunate Alister, how appropriate would be the line,

"Proud lineage! now how little thou appearest."

The widow and children of Alister were amply pro-

vided for in every respect, by the humane and patriotic Bailie Inglis, a gentleman who was continually

> "Doing good by stealth,
> And blushed to find it fame."

The eldest son, James, entered the Gordon Fencibles, and was speedily promoted, but soon thereafter died. He was truly a worthy young man. Edward, the second son, entered the navy, but the Inverness historian never heard what his ultimate fate was. There was also a daughter, who, after being educated in all the branches of education suitable to a lady of rank, repaired to the south. She was an amiable girl, and very much respected by all the gentry of the town and neighbourhood.

That Alister Mackintosh was innocent, was very generally believed at the trial, but the subsequent fate of M'Rory increased and confirmed the suspicion. The latter very rapidly sunk in general estimation. His respectability and supposed wealth quickly left him, until at last he became a solitary outcast; in the midst of society stamped with the brands of perjury and murder; and a few years after the execution of poor Alister, he terminated his miserable existence in the village of Beauly.

The estate of Raitts subsequently became the property of James Macpherson, Esq., the celebrated translator of the poems of Ossian, who changed its name from Raitts to Belleville—the original name being in his, as well as in the estimation of others, obnoxious. This property he highly cultivated and improved, whereon he built an excellent mansion house.

HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONAL SKETCHES OF SIMON LORD LOVAT.

THERE are few men who figure more in the history of the stirring times in which he lived, than Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat; and there is none who took an active and prominent part in public affairs, and was a principal actor in the plots and counter plots which were projected or carried into execution in those times, whose actions are so variously represented, and whose motives are so difficult to be ascertained and accounted for. He has himself left an account of his actions, and assigned motives for his conduct, which are contradicted by historians who were contemporaneous with him; and subsequent historians, more diligent and more impartial than their predecessors, while they have not been able satisfactorily to dispel the uncertainty with which his history is surrounded, have been all but unanimous in impugning the truth of his own version of his conduct, and in portraying him as a man who had exerted considerable talents for bad and selfish purposes. To fathom the depths of such a character, and to lay open motives which preceding historians have been unable to penetrate, are not the objects of the present sketch; and all that an old man, who is neither versed in the mysteries of character, or the learning of schools or histories proposes to do, is to communicate to others those scraps of information which he has picked up in his youth from those who

saw and knew Lord Lovat well, in the hope that they may amuse others, and perhaps cast a feeble ray of light on one of the most intricate characters in history.

Simon Lord Lovat was born in the year 1663. He received an excellent education, of the advantages of which he fully availed himself in after life. In his youth,—that period which stamps the future man,—he was thoughtful and reserved,—evincing, however, great forbearance, if not amiability of disposition,—possessing a complete control over his temper and passions, and exhibiting a shrewd, penetrating, and quick mind. After his boyhood had ripened into manhood, and he had succeeded to the management of the family property, he was a kind, sympathising, and enterprising landlord. On his own estates he was much beloved, and by his friends and neighbours respected and esteemed.

The first act which brought him prominently before the public and involved him in the meshes of the law, was an alleged rape on the Dowager Lady Lovat, the sister of the Duke of Athole, who was as distinguished for her benevolence as for her exalted rank. We say for an alleged rape, because Lord Lovat himself, in his Memoirs, distinctly denies that he was guilty of any such crime, and he appeals with considerable truth in corroboration of his innocence to the fact, that after he had been so charged, he was much beloved and respected by all persons in his own immediate neighbourhood, who had the best means of making themselves acquainted with the facts. Be this, however, as it may, (for it is surrounded, like most of his actions, with doubt,) it is certain that criminal proceedings were instituted against him, and that as he had failed

to appear, a sentence of outlawry was pronounced against him, to avoid which, and the vengeance of the Duke of Athole, he fled to France. It is equally certain (for the author had the story from those who were personally cognisant of the fact,) that in order to disgrace the lady and insult the Duke of Athole, he sent her home to her brother, riding on a one-eyed horse, which was led by a one-eyed lad. To revenge so ignominious a treatment, a numerous band of Athole men, exasperated at the disgrace of the lady, and the insult shown to the house of their proprietor and chief, marched northward to attack the Frasers. The wily Lord having, however, received information of their approach, fled from Beaufort Castle, and concealed himself in the rocks behind Clachnaharry. For fourteen days he lurked amongst the rocks, enduring the greatest possible privations, and dependent entirely upon the scanty and precarious bounty of an honest and attached butcher of the name of John Bain, who resided at Knocknagur, close by. Meanwhile the Athole men, after searching Beaufort and the neighbourhood, demolished a portion of the Castle, and after a fruitless hunt in quest of the fugitive through the Aird, were obliged to return home disappointed. On the retirement of his pursuers, Lord Lovat availed himself of the first convenient opportunity, and fled to France.

On his arrival in France, Lord Lovat presented himself at the Court of St Germains, but James, the exiled King, who had heard of the charge brought against him, refused to receive him, and debarred him from appearing at Court. In consequence of this repulse, it is said that he entered into holy orders, and

for some time had charge of a nunnery. It is not unreasonable to suppose, that while thus occupied, (an occupation by the way, not very suitable for a person who had been guilty, or at least charged with rape, under very cruel and aggravating circumstances,) Lord Lovat became thoroughly initiated in the principles of the Jesuits,—principles which throughout the rest of his life he practised with so much ability and so little scruple.

While occupied in a watchful and pious superintendence of the nuns, Lord Lovat held a correspondence with several leading men in his native country; and among others, with the Duke of Queensberry, who is said to have invited Lord Lovat from France to conduct a conspiracy, which had for its object to bring the Dukes of Hamilton and Athole, and other courtiers who were obnoxious to the Duke of Queensberry and the Duke of Argyle, into disrepute with Queen Anne, who had just ascended the throne. Before he left France he had succeeded in obtaining from the widow of King James, a commission of Major-General, and on his arrival in Scotland, he made use of this commission to entrap the enemies of Queensberry and Argyle into a conspiracy against the Government, but not succeeding in his mission so well as was expected, he was again sent back to France. Lord Lovat himself, in his Memoirs, gives a very different account of his embassy to Scotland; but it is beyond our sphere to attempt to reconcile the various conflicting accounts of his objects and proceedings. On his return to France, and when the whole conspiracy became known, Lovat was confined in the Bastile by orders of the French King, for having imposed upon the widow

of King James in the matter of the commission of Major-General.

After remaining for some years in restless confinement in France, Lovat at length succeeded in obtaining his release from a French prison, and had the art also to obtain a conditional pardon from the English Sovereign. Before the breaking out of the rebellion of 1715, and when that ill-conceived and worse conducted outbreak was in embryo, Lovat was suspected of being implicated in treasonable practices, and he was apprehended and tried, but by the interposition and indefatigable exertions of a Mr Patrick Nicholson, who was a chaplin in one of the Royal regiments, and perhaps from the absence of conclusive evidence, he was acquitted. After his acquittal he all at once became a zealous partizan of the reigning Government, and used all his art and talents to obtain credit and influence with the leaders of the Whig party.

Lord Lovat now all at once became a zealous partizan of the Government—having collected a large body of his own clansmen, the Frasers, and assisted by no inconsiderable body of the Grants, and other neighbouring clans, he determined on capturing the fort of Inverness, then in the hands of the Chevalier's friends, under the command of Sir John Mackenzie. This determination, which required both courage and prudence, he planned with his usual tact and ability. Having formed his plans with great secrecy and dexterity, he attempted to surprise the Castle, but in this he was defeated. Captain Rose, who had the charge of the detachment that was to lead the assault, was repulsed at all points. Again and again, he led his men forward to scale the walls, but was gallantly re-

pulsed by the Governor. The town and the neighbouring country was in the possession of Lovat, and knowing that the Castle could not long hold out, he prudently resolved not to waste his men and ammunition in fruitless attempts to take a Castle by force which he knew its defenders must soon yield of their own accord, he therefore ceased in his attempts to take the Castle by force. Sir John Mackenzie availed himself of the earliest opportunity afforded him either by the negligence or the design of the besiegers to abandon the Castle and escape across the Ferry into Ross-shire. Lovat of course immediately took possession of the Castle, an event which was at the time of the greatest possible importance to the Government, and which very materially contributed to the complete defeat of the Chevalier and his friends, which almost immediately followed.

The Government could not well overlook the claims of an adherent who had rendered such important service at so critical a moment; and besides other favours which he received, Lord Lovat was entrusted with a very extensive command in the north. Borlum Castle, Brahan Castle, Erchless Castle, and the lands and residences of several other distinguished and gallant chiefs were placed in his hands, or under his vigilant watchfulness, and for a time he exercised the authority of a local Lieutenant-General over a considerable part of Inverness and Ross-shires.

But the restless, the intriguing and the unsatisfied spirit of Lord Lovat, would not permit him to remain at ease. Either because he conceived himself not sufficiently rewarded by the Government for the services which he had rendered, or because he anticipated

from the success of the cause of the Stuarts' greater benefits; or, what is not unlikely, because "the neb of him could never be out of mischief," he was one of the first who engaged in and concocted the rising of 1745. In the October of that year, a meeting of those friendly to the cause of Prince Charles, was called by Lord Lovat, at which a great number of persons attended, and on that, and several previous and subsequent occasions, he not only used all his influence, but all his policy and powers of persuasion to induce his dependants and neighbours to join him in taking arms against the Government. While he was thus secretly exerting himself in the cause of the Prince, he was not altogether idle with respect to that of the Government. He was even at this time in correspondence with President Forbes, and to him he made the most violent protestations of attachment to the Government; and so artfully and plausibly did he conduct himself, that he succeeded for a considerable time in imposing on the worthy President. Even when his clansmen were in arms, and marching towards Edinburgh to join the forces of the Prince, he still continued to assure the President that he was firmly attached to the Government, and that his clansmen had marched contrary to his orders at the instigation of his son, whose actions he found it impossible to controul.

While the Frasers' were in the field, Lord Lovat, who was too infirm to be able to sustain the fatigues of a campaign, was hatching treason in the north—keeping a fair face to both parties. After the retreat of the Highlanders from England, it was, however, a point of importance to secure "the old fox," and

with this view, Lord Loudon and President Forbes approached his "burrow," and by specious speeches, prevailed upon him to proceed with them from his residence to Inverness. He was required to bring in all the arms of his clan by a given day, which he promised to do; but failing to perform his promise, sentries were placed at the door of the house in which he lived, and he was virtually a prisoner. But the old adage, that "old birds are not to be caught with chaff," proved good on this occasion. For old Lovat, suspecting the intentions of Loudon and President Forbes, gave them leg bail, by escaping by the back door. The slip which Lord Lovat gave his keepers, occasioned them great inconvenience, and disconcerted their plans, and no doubt protracted the final fall of the Stuart hopes.

After the battle of Culloden, Lord Lovat was obliged to leave his own part of the country, and take refuge in a small island in Loch Morar, where it is said he had been compelled to subsist for several days on meal and water, and where he was apprehended in the month of June, 1746, having concealed himself in the hollow of a tree. He was immediately conveyed to London, where he arrived in August. He was impeached before the House of Peers in December, and his trial commenced on the 9th of March, 1747. The trial continued for several days, and throughout Lord Lovat conducted himself with uncommon skill—but the facts were too glaring—he was unanimously found guilty, and doomed to death. On the 9th of April, 1747, rather better than one hundred years since, this most extraordinary man was beheaded on Tower Hill, London, and during his trial, imprisonment, and exe-

cution, his conduct was firm and dignified. May his body rest in peace, and may his soul inhabit the mansions of bliss! Let posterity imitate his virtues and avoid his errors!

The life of so extraordinary a character is replete with anecdotes, and one or two of these we shall lay before our readers. We have already said that a Mr Nicholson, a Presbyterian minister, had used great exertions to get Lord Lovat out of the meshes of the law on the eve of the outbreak of 1715. For this generous and disinterested act, Lord Lovat presented him to the united parishes of Glenconvinth and Kiltarlity. This was the first Presbyterian minister settled there—the incumbents of Glenconvinth and Kiltarlity for twenty-eight years previous being Episcopalians. The first day he went to preach, he took a sword and target with him—Lord Lovat accompanied him. They expected strong opposition, and it is true a large posie of females made up their minds to offer resistance; among these was honest Peggy Bain, a relative of the narrator's. With aprons tied round their waists, well filled with stones, the fair Amazons were determined, when the worthy minister should come out of church, to maltreat him; but his preaching had such effect upon them, that whenever they came out, they skulked behind the wall of the burying-ground, and there deposited their *grape*. Some years after, when Mr Nicholson so far carried on the discipline of the Kirk, as to order, of course not for good conduct, Lord Lovat on the "cutty stool." This order sadly militated against the pride and wishes of his Lordship. Being, however, assured by his friend Mr Fraser, town-clerk of Inverness (whom he con-

sulted in the matter,) that the law of the Kirk was imperative, and that nothing but compliance would save him from excommunication, he consented to the punishment, upon a promise from the worthy town-clerk that he would stand by him for three Sundays in the church of Kiltarlity. Mr Nicholson, who was then the John Knox of the Highlands, being about to address the lordly occupant of the "cutty stool," Lord Lovat exclaimed, "Ah, Nicholson, you ungrateful man, was it not I that placed you there?" (having presented him to the living,) whereupon Mr Nicholson answered, "True, my Lord, you have placed me here, and I have placed you there to-day, to be publicly rebuked for your sins" Lord Lovat, however, thereafter forsook the church of Kiltarlity, and became a hearer of Mr Chisholm of Kilmorack.

Of Lord Lovat it was remarked by some that there was not a single good act in his life; but the compiler of these sketches says: "Did he not place the Rev. Messrs Nicholson in Kiltarlity, Chisholm in Kilmorack, and Thomson in Kirkhill, than whom, in their day, Scotland could not produce three greater divines." Looking back to a period of some years after the affair of the Duke of Athole's daughter, Lord Lovat on one occasion sending his principal servant, Donald Cameron, on an important mission to Glenmorriston, gave him a shilling to defray the expenses of the journey. Donald indignantly looked at the coin and his noble master, and said in Gaelic, "Do you think, man, Lord, (he never addressed him *my* Lord), that a shilling would bring me back and forward, between this and Glenmorriston?" On this his Lordship said, "Tell whose servant you are, and you will not

want on the way." "I tell you, man, Lord," said Donald hastily, "that if I would tell whose servant I am, every one between this and Glenmorriston would shut their door upon me." His Lordship replied, "O, Donald, Donald, if you knew how many a hard and trying hour I suffered before now, whilst lying hid amongst the black stones of Clachnaharry, you would not complain of a shilling being too little to bring you between this and Glenmorriston."

Lord Lovat had an only brother, the Honourable John Fraser, who was obliged to fly the country to evade the punishment which would most likely overtake the tragic event of which he was the author. Accompanied by a few youthful spirits of the clan, he attended a market at the village of Beauly. The amusements of the fair they enjoyed very well, and as they were returning they heard the sounds of the bagpipes issuing from a barn, where a party of Highlanders were dancing to its shrill notes. Listening for some time to the tune, the peculiarity of which first attracted their musical organs—one of the young men remarked it was played in contempt to Mr Fraser, and that if it were he who was alluded to, he would instantly put it beyond the power of the piper to play any more that evening. This remark roused John's spirit to such an angry height, that unsheathing his dagger, he entered the barn, determined only on ripping up the bag of the pipes. His sudden appearance in the barn, with a dagger glistening in his hand, as if courting provocation, and rage depicted in his countenance, and the applicability, in that attitude, of the words of the song to him at the moment, certainly drew on him the scornful looks of

the dancers. The piper, the unfortunate object of his rage, sat, unconscious of the fuel he was adding to the flame, at every note he struck, of "Ha bitac air Mhac Thomais," &c. Mr Fraser, inflamed at what he conceived an insult, quick as thought plunged his dagger to the handle in the heart of the poor piper, who instantly dropped down dead. Mr Fraser, with his evil advisers, immediately fled from the barn—remorse adding swiftness to his flight. Finding that Beaufort Castle was no secure retreat for him from the minions of justice, by whom he was pursued during that and two succeeding days and nights he hid himself within the sea mark at a place called Morich. This was within a few miles of the noble mansion wherein he was born and brought up. At times he covered himself with the sea weed, affording but a very uncomfortable bed and hiding place for one of his breeding; but he was forced to submit to anything for security. From this cold and insecure place of concealment he contrived to reach the house of a faithful clansman in Stratherrick, by whom he was most kindly received. With this attached adherent he remained for sometime in perfect security, until his brother, Lord Lovat, furnished him with a sum of money to carry him out of the country, —which he left soon thereafter. The melancholy affair threw a gloom over the whole tenantry on the extensive estates of Lovat, and the sympathy of the north generally was excited in behalf of Mr Fraser. Many supposed that had he stood his trial he would have been acquitted, in consequence of its not being a premeditated act, but solely arising out of the unceasing provocation, and at the wicked instigations of his companions. The tune, "Ha bitac air Mhac Thomais,"

which was the occasion of the perpetration of the murder, is a very old one, and was originally composed out of contempt to one of the Lairds of Applecross. Although Mr Fraser's dress exactly corresponded with its words, yet the poor piper had not the least intention of offending any person when he was playing it; besides, the family gaelic name of Lovat is "*Mhac Shemie*," while that of Applecross is "*Mhac Thomais*." So that the only allusion it could bear to the Hon. John Fraser was, that his father's name was Thomas, and it was merely this which led his companions to infer that it was played in derision. The tune is still in repute, and an excellent dancing one too; but it is wrong to suppose, as some do, that it was the murder of the piper which originated it—it was long before then well known.

Lord Lovat left two sons, the Hon. Simon Fraser, Master of Lovat, and Archibald. The Master was but a youth about seventeen when the patrimonial estates were forfeited. He had joined in the rebellion at the instigation of his father, and was too young to be a guilty participator in it, and he was therefore a fit object for the mercy of the Crown. Through the exertions and influence of the Duke of Argyle and his friends, a commission was procured for him in the army. His chivalrous and brave military career more than realised the encomiums passed upon him by his Grace of Argyle, and the assurances he had given to the Government of Mr Fraser's loyalty. He distinguished himself greatly in the first American war, where his gallant conduct soon attracted the notice of his superior officers, and the commander-in-chief wrote home of the gallant daring of Colonel Fraser at the

taking of Quebec. Intelligence of this, and of the probability of his being speedily installed into the inheritance of his forefathers arriving, the Aird and other Lovat estates were in one blaze with bonfires, and in Inverness the demonstrations of rejoicing were equally great—bonfires and firing of guns were the order of the day. The inns were filled, and the quaich and coggie successively went round. At a party of these glad spirits, the author had the honor of acting as *croupier*. In a large procession, headed by a piper, he acted also a conspicuous part. The procession received a great augmentation, and decidedly handsome appearance from a number of females joining, and especially those of the clan Fraser, on observing which the author ran home for his aged mother, she being a Fraser, who, when informed of the event, was right glad and joyful to join the happy cavalcade.

Subsequently, Colonel Fraser arrived as Major-General, and entered into full and uninterrupted possession of the estates. He was afterwards elected Member of Parliament for Inverness-shire. The Government not being tired of his valuable services, conferred a higher command upon him. He raised the 71st Regiment of Highlanders, and was on the eve of again embarking for America, when he was suddenly taken ill and died in England. He was succeeded in command by Lord Balcarras. It may well be said that General Fraser's actions more than doubly atoned for the iniquities of the father. His brother, Archibald Fraser, also a firm and loyal friend to the House of Hanover, succeeded him in the paternal possessions, and subsequently the present noble proprietor.

In concluding these sketches, we cannot help calling

attention to what will no doubt suggest itself to every reader,—the contrast of the Lord Lovat of 1747 and the Lord Lovat of 1847. The former, as already observed, was proud, crafty, and avaricious—the present, amiable, kind, and generous, and easy of access to the lowest individual on his estates, and one who wishes the well-being of every one on his extensive domains. He is also one of the most liberal and kind landlords known, while the great delight of his noble lady is to be constantly doing good—feeding the poor—clothing the naked, and to their children extending the blessings of education. Long may they live to enjoy their exalted rank and extensive estates, and to bear the thanks and blessings of the poor.

HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONAL SKETCHES OF LORD PRESIDENT FORBES.

Few names occupy a more prominent or distinguished place in the annals of Scotland, than that of Lord President Forbes; and in the eventful era in which he lived, he stands pre-eminently distinguished in the history of the times, as one of whom it would be difficult to decide whether his public or his private virtues preponderated, or exercised the greater influence over his actions. In whatever light his conduct is viewed whether as a man, a christian, or a patriot, we are struck with the consonance,—the uniformity, and the consistent harmony of his life, in thought, principle, and action, in all the multifarious and frequently conflicting circumstances which influenced and sometimes controlled his conduct. It is difficult to say whether simplicity, integrity, or benevolence were the most prominent characteristics of his mind,—his patriotism was deeply tinged with benevolence, his political character was marked by the strictest moral integrity, and his most comprehensive plans as a statesman (and his were the only comprehensive plans of and for the time,) are no less to be admired for their simplicity than their ability and wisdom.

Amidst the heterogenous mass of mercenary sycophants, corrupted parasites, and sincere patriots, who supported the Government, or swelled the ranks of those interested, discontented or mistaken hosts that

thronged round the standard of the Stuarts, there is not one man who took a principal part in the stirring events of that period, whose motives are so pure and praiseworthy, whose conduct is so blameless, or who conferred on his country a tithe of the benefits which resulted from the prudence and wisdom of President Forbes. While he was devoting his best energies to secure the throne and consolidate the Government, he was no less laborious in his exertions to save the Chiefs and clans who sided with Prince Charles, and were doing all in their power to dethrone the King and overturn the Government. Like Blanche in the play of King John, he seemed to think that he had a divided duty, and to say,—

> "Which is the side that I must go withal?
> I am with both: each army hath a hand;
> And in their rage, I having hold of both,
> They whirl asunder and dismember me."

Firmly attached to the Government, he sincerely wished it success, and yet afraid of the terrible fate which would await the friends of the Prince in the event of defeat, he could not contemplate the success of the Government but with a feeling of horror. Ordinary minds would have shrunk under such conflicting feelings, but the very necessity which called for the most constant watchfulness, exertion, and intrepidity, on the part of the President, appeared to give him renewed will and power for the discharge of the duties which his position in the Government, and his attachment to his friends, would seem to have imposed on him.

Of such a man it would indeed be presumptuous in the humble narrator of a few disjointed facts connected with the family of the Forbeses of Culloden, to

attempt any biographical sketch; and it would be still more unpardonable to attempt to give an analysis of the qualities and conduct of President Forbes. In the foregoing observations we have only endeavoured to give expression to the feelings and opinions with which the President was regarded in and about Inverness during his life time, and by those who knew him best,—who had good opportunity, from their intimacy with himself, and from their knowledge of his conduct and their personal acquaintance, with the circumstances in which he was so prominent a performer, of forming a just estimate of his merits.

Before we proceed to narrate those traditional and historical facts with which we became acquainted in our youth, concerning the President, we think it right to lay before our readers a short account of the history of his ancestors, from the time at which they settled in Inverness-shire.

Duncan Forbes, or *Dunachac na Boiceannan*, the first of the family of Forbes who came to Inverness-shire, and who was the founder of the family, was the eldest son of Mr John Forbes of Badenley, second son of Alexander, Laird of Tolquhoun. Mr John Forbes having died young, leaving a wife and three children (Duncan being the eldest,) the widow was induced to entrust Duncan to the care of a gentleman who became tutor to Lovat, and who was married to Duncan's aunt, and Duncan accompanied them to their residence, Beaufort Castle, about the year 1569. He was then 16 years of age. His aunt and her husband paid every attention to his health and education, and both prospered under their fostering care. At the age of 20, Duncan Forbes had few

superiors in the Highlands for strength, agility, and intelligence. And in 1594, having, as was the prevailing practice of the age, betaken himself to "the use of arms," he distinguished himself at the battle of Glenlivat, where he exhibited surprising courage, and had the honour of assisting the Earl of Argyle and his (Duncan's) relative, Lord Forbes, in the cause of the King against the Lords Huntly and Erroll.

He very shortly thereafter bade farewell to the profession of arms, and was by his step-uncle employed in a more peaceable but more intricate business, viz., in examining and adjusting certain accounts and family matters, at which he made but slow, or at all events, but unprofitable progress. The consequence was, that he left the business intrusted to him by his step-uncle, and took up his residence in Inverness, where he commenced business as a skin merchant.

Being of an amiable, affable, and humane disposition, he gained the esteem and good wishes of those who had the pleasure of coming in contact with him, and as his friendship was becoming more extensive and firm with his fellow-men, his business was the more rapidly prospering. His country residence was Drakies, now known as Ashtown, the property of Æneas Mackintosh, Esq. of Raigmore. Speaking of the estate of Raigmore, comparing it eighty years ago with what it is now, a strange contrast is perceptible —then it was mostly a cold, barren, and bleak moor— now it is one of the most beautiful and fertile properties in the country, adorned by an elegant mansion house, surrounded with shrubberies and plantations. A short distance from Raigmore House there is a small pond, of which a few swans and geese keep pos-

session in mutual fellowship. These improvements were principally made by the late proprietor, and show how sterile wastes can be converted into most fruitful fields. Below the house where it now stands, ran the uncontrollable burn, Ault Mournaick, reputed as the rendezvous of witches, and which no traveller, after night fall, had the hardihood to pass; but now a good Parliamentary road renders it safe at all hours of the night. To return to Mr Forbes, or as he was more familiarly known in Gaelic, *Dunachac na'm Boiceannan.* Mr Forbes, on one occasion, invited a party of gentlemen to dinner at Drakies, and requested his lady to prepare a good dinner for them. At the appointed hour the guests arrived—among them was Cuthbert of Castlehill and his son; but Mrs Forbes, either from penurious motives, or from having no great regard for some of the party, prepared nothing more than the ordinary family dinner, which hurt the feelings of her hospitable husband so much, that as on former occasions when he was likewise very much provoked, he determined for a time to "cut her acquaintance." The morning following that on which the dinner party took place, Mr Forbes rose very early, as if going to town; but to town he did not proceed. Night came on, but he did not return to his own fireside—the next morning came and still there was no appearance of the absent husband. Mrs Forbes became greatly alarmed for his safety, and accused herself of having offended an affectionate husband, and would now give worlds, if she had them at disposal, to have him back again. Weeks, months, and even years rolled on, but they brought no tidings of the worthy burgess who had so precipitately disappeared from the arms of a loving

wife, and a large circle of admiring and attached friends and acquaintances.

At length, however, Mr Forbes, was discovered in the Western Isles, pursuing his business more extensively than before, purchasing all sorts of skins—shipping them to Liverpool and other ports in England. In the Hebrides he continued for some years, but having gone to London to settle affairs with different merchants, he purchased a vessel, which he loaded with all sorts of fancy goods, and sailed for Inverness. The vessel being noticed from the town at the mouth of the river Ness, the majority of the population ran down to see the largest vessel that ever entered the river. Amongst the spectators was Mrs Forbes; and as the ship neared the quay, she noticed her long-sought husband standing beside the captain at the helm. In an instant she gave a frantic scream of joy, and, fainting, fell into the arms of a lady who accompanied her. Mr Forbes well knew the voice, and, quickly leaping ashore amidst the plaudits of the people, clasped his senseless wife to his bosom. She soon rallied, but her sudden joy threatened to be too much for her to bear. The joyful demonstrations of the people was beyond description. He now commenced business still more extensively as a general merchant and shipowner, being the only one at the time in the northern metropolis. Taking a walk one fine summer evening with his lady, they strolled out in the direction of Culloden, then the property of The Mackintosh. When they reached Culloden, the masons were after laying the foundation stone of the Castle. Mr Forbes gave the men a shilling (no small sum in those days,) to drink, but Mrs Forbes demurred a little at this

piece of extravagance, to which her husband replied, "Who knows, my dear, but you and I may be the occupants of this Castle, and possessors of Culloden." Six months had scarcely elapsed from the time when this conversation took place, when Mr Forbes was the possessor of Culloden. That took place in 1624. Only one storey of the Castle was then above the ground, when Mr Forbes completed it. On the lintel above the main door, were the Mackintosh's initials and part of the armorial bearings, which were never defaced. In the year 1625, Mr Forbes built a splendid edifice as a town house in Church Street, Inverness, which was pulled down in 1810. In 1626 he became chief magistrate of Inverness, a situation which he filled for several years with credit to himself and benefit to the town and its inhabitants. In 1654, having been 30 years in possession of the estate of Culloden, he was gathered to his kindred at the age of 82, much regretted by all who knew him. His likeness is still to be seen in a state of good preservation at Culloden House.

In the chapel-yard, Inverness, over his tomb and that of his lady, are the following lines:—

"These polished stones
Placed here above thy bones,
Add to thy honour not a whit,
Which was before, and still remains, complete,
Thy memory shall ever recent be
Preserved by such as draw their blood from thee,
Who in regard of thy good fame,
Receive reward by claiming to thy name;
For thy remains do honour to this place,
And thy true virtue honours all thy race."

Duncan Forbes was succeeded by his eldest son John, who, from the treasures left him by his father, was enabled to purchase the barony of Ferrintosh, which afterwards become so celebrated for the distil-

lation of whisky, although for many years past not a single drop has been made on that property. He subsequently (in the year 1670,) purchased the property of Bunchrew, a favourite resort of the great President.

John was succeeded by his son Duncan, who was a very amiable man, and who, like his father, was a pious and exemplary man. He again was succeeded by John, the fourth laird, who was a very active patriot. He sat for some years in Parliament, where he frequently distinguished himself for his patriotism and his advocacy of his countrymen. He died in 1734, and was succeeded by his brother Duncan, then Lord Advocate.

Duncan Forbes, the most eminent Scottish patriot and statesman of his time, and as a statesman, perhaps the most distinguished that the country has ever produced, was born in the year 1685, in a small unpretending, but not uncomfortable house close to the sea side on the estate of Bunchrew, about three miles to the west of Inverness,—a retreat interesting not only on account of its being the birth place of this truly great man, but also, and still more interesting, as the favourite retreat to which he withdrew in his secessions from severe labour to mature fresh plans for the benefit of his country.

Having completed his studies at home, he made a tour to the continent, visiting and making some stay in those towns renowned for learning, where, no doubt, he overlooked nothing of interest to the scholar, and gained information which proved of the greatest utility afterwards.

Mr Forbes, on his return from the continent, applied

himself to the study of the law. He resided for some time with his uncle, Sir David Forbes of Newhall, Mid-Lothian, who was an eminent lawyer. In due time he was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and had subsequently the office of Lord Advocate conferred upon him ; and he also represented the Inverness District of Burghs in Parliament. Of his Parliamentary conduct it is not our province to speak at length; but there are one or two points connected with it which we feel called upon to notice. In 1725, we find Mr Forbes, then Lord Advocate, introducing a Bill for disarming the Highlanders. Strange to say, some of the clauses of the Bill were rejected, or rather dropped, in consequence of the opposition of the *English* members, and Lord Advocate Forbes' attempt at legislation, while it proved distasteful to the Highlanders, was opposed by the English squires. The Bill, although harsh in appearance, was in reality the best course that the Government could have pursued. It is gratifying to observe that even in the Parliament of 1725, while the work of corruption was at its height, that a majority of the English members, entertaining more extended notions on, and having a better appreciation of, the principles of liberty as secured by the Constitution, resisted parts of the Bill of Mr Forbes the Lord Advocate, himself a Scotchman and a Highlander. But while we cannot help expressing our admiration of the motives which influenced the opponents of the Bill, we are bound to say, that no better measure could have been suggested for the purpose, of preventing any rising in the Highlands. The provisions of the Bill were applied in our own time in principle, for successive years, in the Irish Arms' Bill, and

without entering into political discussion on the justice or harshness of that measure, we may remark that in applying it to the Highlands of Scotland, inhabited by a purely military people, immediately after they had taken arms against the Government, and at a time when the people of the country made little secret of their desire to see the Government overturned—the same principle which was resorted to one hundred years afterwards, and with all the advantage of the experience of that period, in the case of Ireland, proves at all events, if not the wisdom or the justice of Lord Advocate Forbes' Bill in 1725, that he is entitled to the credit of the plan, and that as regards Scotland it was subsequently successfully carried out.

Mr Forbes, during the whole of his Parliamentary career, was not only consulted by the Government, but was in fact, the chief law officer of the Crown in Scotland, and also the representative of the interests of the whole kingdom, in Parliament, as well as his Majesty's advocate for his Majesty's interest. Mr Forbes having risen to the highest position at the bar, was elevated to the bench. His talents and knowledge of law as well as his patriotism, were soon rewarded with the highest judicial appointment recognised in Scotland—Lord President of the Court of Session, and the next great measure with which we find his name associated is, the scheme for raising the independent Highland companies. This was in 1739. As the measure to which we have before referred was intended to deprive the Highlanders of the power of doing mischief to themselves or to the Government, that to which we now advert had for its object to confer upon them the power of doing good, both to the Govern-

ment and to themselves. This plan, although it was at the time when it was first proposed rejected, was eventually substantially carried out, and the benefits which it conferred on the Highlands, were not only largely felt at the time, but are participated in at this moment by thousands of the descendants of gallant soldiers, who availed themselves of the honourable employment thrown open to them by the Government.

The most interesting feature to the public in the character of this noble-minded and highly-gifted man, was the judicious and patriotic part he acted in the eventful and stirring rebellion of 1745-46. Hearing that Prince Charles Stuart landed on the West Coast of Inverness-shire, and that several chiefs, with their clansmen, were mustering and enrolling themselves under his banner, he cast his official wig aside, and hastened down to Culloden to warn his tenantry and friends of the portending danger, and prevent their enlisting in the Pretender's ranks. The Prince's claim to the throne, the means at his command to make good the same, the futility of these, and the consequences to the country, he impartially laid before the Government and the clans; in consequence of which, together with his powerful influence and assiduity, it is allowed that fully ten thousand men were dissuaded from taking up arms in behalf of Charles. So heartily attached was the President to the House of Hanover, that he raised, clothed, and paid out of his own private means, a regiment of fine men, for which he received no compensation whatever, and which had the effect further of greatly embarrassing the family for some time.

The President, when arrived at Culloden, instantly had the Castle fortified, and he himself was busily employed, day and night, writing despatches to different parts of the country, and wherever the Pretender happened to be, he was sure of finding that President Forbes had been there before him with his letters, causing the people to keep quiet and not join with him. Charles was, of course, aware of the sway exercised by President Forbes over the people, and was not a little chagrined at the success attending it; but of all the chiefs who embraced his cause, none was more enraged at the President than my Lord Lovat, for which it was well known he entertained private and selfish motives. First, he expected in the event of Charles Edward bringing the enterprise in which he was engaged to a successful termination, of which he entertained not the slightest doubt, a dukedom would be conferred upon him; and secondly, that the picturesque estate of Bunchrew, the property of the President, but originally that of the Frasers, would be added to his other estates in the Aird. Illustrative of the feeling entertained by Lord Lovat towards President Forbes, it may be noticed, that on each side of the road at Bunchrew grew some large black thorn bushes, overtopped here and there with alder trees, proving an eyesore to his Lordship as he passed to and from Inverness, and the great agricultural improvements which were made on the estate likewise added fuel to the flame already burning within him, so that when he entered Inverness, the first person he was sure of calling upon was the amiable Provost Fraser, who would generally inquire of his Lordship—"What news from the Aird?" "Nothing, but that the black thorns of Bunchrew stab

me to the very heart's core every time I pass." President Forbes likewise planted those portions of Bunchrew not adapted to agriculture with trees, some of which can still be seen towering majestically above the mansion-house.

Bunchrew was the spot, during vacation time, which the worthy President delighted to frequent, and where he always resided. His great partiality for this beautiful locality must have been owing to its being his birth-place, and the pleasure and delight he experienced in improving and ornamenting it, must be ascribed to the same cause. At Bunchrew, likewise, he further delighted to receive and entertain many of the more highly respectable visitors who came to the neighbourhood, who were quite enchanted with the President's affable manners, and the decorations of his estate. Some of them mentioning so to Lovat, contrasting the aspect of both properties, galled the latter not a little, while few, if any, visited him at Beaufort Castle, save his friend the chief of Macleod.

The President, sojourning at Bunchrew on one occasion, where he often kept convivial parties, invited the Town Council of Inverness to dinner. The deacon of the weavers, on sitting down to dine with his brother councillors, began to show the extent of his knowledge, and appreciation of modern discoveries and refinements, by calling for a dish of tea, just then as great a delicacy as could be named in the house of the Highland laird. Hospitality, however, placed everything within command, at the service of the guest, although it was out of the regular order. A domestic having prepared and brought in the tea, with a valuable set of china, placed the beverage on a side

table, the deacon being invited to move to it to partake of the tea. The dinner table groaned under a load of substantial Highland cheer, and the civic functionary, intent on that which was immediately before him, so far forgot the cap of gentility he had assumed as to break out into a violent passion, declaring it an insult to request him to take refreshment at a table separate from his companions. During this paroxysm of rage, he commenced laying about him in wild Highland style, demolishing the valuable service of china in a very brief space of time. The President, instead of imitating the rage of his guest, passed over the damage and misbehaviour by humorously saying, "Well, well, deacon, it cannot be helped; I will make the shuttle pay for it some day," alluding to the offender's craft. This mild reproof, while it formed a striking contrast to the weaver, was in keeping with the high character for personal and domestic worth and piety for which the President was so justly celebrated. The members of the Council, on leaving the ever-hospitable house of Bunchrew, were each presented with a hat, some of whom up to that time, never had a hat on their heads. So important a present was then only worn on state occasions, being at other times carefully laid by in the "muckle kist;" and the deacon above alluded to, was, in his latter days, the first and only tradesman in Inverness who began to wear a hat every day, and the novelty was so great, that crowds followed him wherever he went. At times it was with difficulty he kept them at a respectful distance when he took up his evening station upon the "old bridge," to contemplate the beauties of the scenery around his native town. The honest deacon at last

had to give vent to the disapprobation he felt at the conduct of his admirers, whom he reproved by saying, "What do you see about me, sirs? am I not a mortal man like yourselves?" These reproofs had often to be administered, and being generally in the same words, the expression, "Am I not a mortal man like yourself," became a cant phrase in the town and neighbourhood for many years afterwards.

But to return to the "troubles" of the year '45. After a course of uncertainty, the Laird of Macleod at length became a firm supporter of the Government in consequence of the persuasion of the Lord President. Frequent communications took place between them, Macleod's valet was kept constantly on the road with despatches betwixt his master and the Lord President. The valet had to come in contact on his journey with some of the Prince's followers, and for fear of being searched by them to discover what his frequent missions were, he always carried a large staff, with a hole, so artfully and neatly executed, as to defy the closest scrutiny. In this cavity, was deposited the letter; and the Dunvegan "gille maol" passed and repassed the rebel parties without detection.

It having come to the knowledge of President Forbes that Lord Lovat was secretly engaged in forwarding the interests of Prince Charles, he immediately despatched a messenger with a remonstrance, warning him of his danger, but to his friendly advice his Lordship replied he took no part whatever, but believed his stiff-necked son did. The Master of Lovat a few days afterwards hearing of this, told his hoary-headed parent in tears, "I'll go myself to the President and tell him the whole truth;" but the fears

of the youth were soon calmed, when his father told him that Prince Charles would be triumphant, and that then he would be raised to the dignity of a Duke. To the young amiable Earl of Cromertie, to whom he was particularly attached, the President was also sending friendly advices, which Lord Lovat understanding, he on his part was sending him his trusty and confidential servant, Donald Cameron, urging him to be firm in the Prince's cause, and heed not the delusive advices of either the President or the Rev. Mr Porteous. The President's indefatigable exertions in support of the dynasty of the House of Hanover, were now so well known, and the success generally attending these, that the wrath of the rebels against him became so fierce and deadly that several plots were devised to cut him off, but few were found hardy enough to carry these into execution. However, Mr John Fraser of Ericht, in the parish of Dores, Inverness-shire, even though a staunch Presbyterian, and notwithstanding the urgent remonstrances of his father-in-law, the good and pious Mr Chisholm, first Presbyterian minister of Kilmorack, and his own parish clergyman, the worthy Mr Ballantyne of Dores, was so thoroughly bound up in the Prince's cause, that all arguments to dissuade him proved of no avail. Mr Fraser held the rank of captain in the rebel army; and about ten days previous to the battle of Culloden, Captain Fraser, heading a party of his clan, all bound by oath that they would neither eat or drink until they had taken President Forbes dead or alive, marched at midnight to Culloden Castle, to take it by surprise and seize the President; but on nearing the Castle they were observed by a sentinel stationed on one of

the turrets, who gave the alarm, and the assailants were received with a fearful discharge of shot, which wounded many but killed none. Captain Fraser and his lawless band quickly retreated. He escaped unhurt, as he likewise did on Culloden Moor, which sealed the claims of the Prince, and brought ruin on those of his adherents who escaped the bloody day. One of those was Ericht, with him the narrator was intimately acquainted, and many a time have they sat down together to relate the events of Ericht's life, mourning over the wreck of his home, and the loss of his beautiful little estate, and the blindness which reduced him from affluence to penury, and expressing sorrowful compunctions for neglecting the sound counsels of his dearest friends and relatives. Ericht was one of the most handsome Highlanders ever seen, and when in his better days, a guard of honour, consisting of twelve men in full Highland costume, escorted him to and from the kirk. When the gallant and brave General Simon Fraser, after the taking of Quebec, where he highly distinguished himself, returned to his native country, to resume possession of his patrimonial estates, forfeited by his father, whose treasonable conduct he more than atoned for, hearing that Ericht was still living and very poor, sent for him and offered to procure him a commission in the army, but this he refused. Poor Ericht, reduced from independence, now to the greatest poverty, and when his locks were grey, went to Perth, and there as a private soldier, enlisted in the Grant's regiment.

Another gentleman, who had the good fortune, when the rebellion was in its infancy, to receive a pressing invitation from President Forbes to spend a few days

with him at Culloden, was Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, in Skye. The President was led to believe that Sir Alexander, with his clan, contemplated joining the rebels on his landing in Skye, and being well aware of the sway he exercised in these places, as well as his anxiety for him as a friend, had therefore sent for him to prove the utter fallacy of the claims of the Pretender, and the ruin consequent on the attempt, and, happily for Sir Alexander, he returned home convinced, after spending a few agreeable days with the worthy President. The flag of rebellion was unfurled in the Isles; but it found Sir Alexander firm at his post. The result being already well known, it is needless here to repeat it. Suffice it to say, that Charles Edward Stuart, accompanied by the faithful Flora Macdonald, compelled to relinquish his aspiring views, was a refugee, with a price set upon his head, and after many hair-breadth escapes, eluded the pursuit of his enemies, at last reached Skye, and with Sir Alexander Macdonald's knowledge, was at one time concealed within a mile of his house of Monkstad, where, at the time he was entertaining a party of royalist officers. "War tests the magnanimity of man,—sweet the humanity that spares a fallen foe." Sir Alexander, though he knew the very spot where the unfortunate Prince lay hid, and the easy certainty with which he could be captured, despised betraying him into the power of his enemies. Many true and faithful Highlanders acted a like noble part.

After the battle of Culloden, President Forbes exerted all his influence and ingenuity to save the lives and property of those who had taken up arms against the Government, but his efforts were not always suc-

ful. The fiendish thirst for blood evinced by the Duke of Cumberland, could not be satiated,—the prisoners, the wounded, and the dying, were butchered without mercy, and in the ranks of the conquering army the only cry was "kill, kill." The President again and again raised his voice against the massacre, and entreated the victors to "spare," but the work of death went on, and the ministers of vengeance heard not his voice. Even in his own house the work of destruction went forward. After the battle, eighteen wounded officers, unable to join in the flight of their companions, secreted themselves in a plantation near Culloden Castle. They were, however, discovered, brought to the Castle, where they were kept for two days in a room under ground, in a state of the utmost torture, without receiving medical or other aid, except such as was afforded to them by the kindness of the President's steward. They were then huddled into carts, carried out of the court-yard, ranged in a row against a wall, and shot to death. The destroying fiends proceeded in their work. Mr Hossack, the Provost, who had, under the President, performed good service to the Government, was induced to apply to the Duke of Cumberland to entreat him to stay his destroying hand. The Duke was attended by General's Hawley and Huske, who were deliberating with him as to the speediest mode of putting his prisoners' to death at one fell swoop. The Provost said, "as his Majesty's troops have happily been successful against the rebels, I hope your excellencies' will be so good as to mingle mercy with judgment." Hawley in a rage, cried out, "D—n the puppy, does he pretend to dictate here? carry him away!" An officer

in attendance, offered to kick Hossack out, and the order was obeyed. The Provost of Inverness, a firm and useful friend of the Government, was kicked down stairs by a servile hireling, because he pleaded for mercy! Oh, Glenco! Oh, Culloden! The God of justice and of battles will yet avenge thee!

On his return from Skye, the President himself went to the Duke, and with that firmness and candour which distinguished him, he stated to the Duke that the wholesale slaughter that was going forward, was not only inhuman and against the laws of God, but was also contrary to the law of the land, which he called upon his Royal Highness to observe. But what said the Duke to the man, of all others, to whom the House of Hanover was most indebted? "The laws of the country, my Lord!" said the Duke with a sneer. "I'll make a brigade give laws, by God." Shortly afterwards he visited London, and being asked by the King if the reports in circulation of the atrocities committed by the Duke of Cumberland were true, he answered, "I wish to God that I could consistently with truth assure your Majesty that such reports are destitute of foundation." The King abruptly, and in displeasure left him—his accounts with the Government were with difficulty passed, an immense balance was left unpaid, the House of Hanover had discharged its debt of gratitude, and President Forbes was thought of no more!!!

But it is painful to dwell on this subject. It is difficult to say which excites most surprise, the cruelties of Cumberland, or the ingratitude of the King and the Government. But what is even still more surprising is, that in more peaceful and juster

times, the claims of the Culloden family should have been forgotten by successive Governments, and that the possessors of the Crown have not remembered to whom in a great measure they owe it.

As a christian, President Forbes was a man who truly ruled his own house. Morning and evening, a bell was rung for worship, and none were permitted to absent themselves on any pretext. The narrator recollects seeing a small volume entitled *The Life of Faith*, which had formed part of the President's library, and the margin of every page of which was covered with his criticisms. His public character was a most upright and exemplary one—his private one nothing less, he was beloved and happy in his family—esteemed by his domestics and dependants, and surrounded by attached relatives, friends, and acquaintances, and worn with over study and care, this amiable and distinguished individual was, in the year 1747, and at the age of sixty-two, "like a clock worn out with eating time," gathered to his fathers. His name and fame will live for generations yet to come. He was succeeded by his son John, likewise a most exemplary man.

The beetling stone, which supplied the place of a mangle, on which Mrs Urquhart, the President's washerwoman, used to dress his linens, is still in the narrator's possession. This stone was bequeathed as a legacy by Mrs Urquhart to his mother, then the principle washerwoman in Inverness.

The Culloden family from the first were eminent for their loyalty, and in the person of the present amiable young laird the virtues of his ancestors are reflected.

HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONAL SKETCHES OF SIR GEO. MACKENZIE OF ROSEHAUGH.

Many, no doubt, have read in the pages of history of the celebrated Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, one of the most talented members of the Scottish bar, who, in the reign of Charles II. was Lord Advocate of Scotland, and whose Institutes are still considered as standing authority by the legal profession. Of him the author says, that on one occasion while at Rosehaugh, a poor widow from a neighbouring estate called to consult him regarding her being repeatedly warned to remove from a small croft which she held under a lease of several years; but as some had yet to run before its expiry, and she being threatened with summary ejection from the croft, she went to solicit his advice. Having examined the tenor of the lease, Sir George informed her that it contained a flaw, which, in case of opposition, would render her success extremely doubtful; and although it was certainly an oppressive act to be deprived of her croft, he thought her best plan was to succumb. However, seeing the distressed state of mind in which the poor woman was, on hearing his opinion, he desired her to call upon him the following day, when he would consider her case more carefully. His clerk, who always slept in the same room with his Lordship, was not a little surprised, about midnight, to discover him rise from his bed fast asleep, light a candle which stood on his table, then draw in his chair, and commence writing very

busily, as if he had been all the time wide awake. The clerk saw how he was employed, "but ne'er a word he spak'," and, when he had finished, saw him place what he had written in his private desk, then lock it, extinguish the candle, and retire to bed. Next morning, at breakfast, Sir George remarked that he had had a very strange dream about the poor widow's affair, which, if he now could remember, he had no doubt of making out a clear case in her favour. His clerk rose from table, and requested from him the key of his desk, brought therefrom a good many pages of manuscript, and as he handed them to Sir George, inquired, "Is that like your dream?" On looking over it for a few seconds, Sir George said, "Dear me, this is singular; this is my very dream!" He was no less surprised when his clerk informed him of the manner in which he had acted, and sending for the widow, he told her what steps to adopt to frustrate the efforts of her oppressors. Acting on the counsel thus given, the poor widow was successful, and, with her young family, was allowed to remain in possession of her "wee bit croftie" without molestation

Sir George principally resided in Edinburgh, and previous to dining invariably walked for half an hour. The place he selected for this was Leith Walk, then almost a solitary place. One day, in taking his accustomed exercise, he was met by a venerable looking, grey-headed gentleman, who accosted him without either introduction or apology—"There is a very important case to come on in London fourteen days hence, at which your presence will be required. It is a case of heirship to a very extensive estate in the neighbourhood of London, and a pretended claimant

is doing his utmost to disinherit the real heir, on the ground of his inability to produce proper titles thereto. It is necessary that you be there on the day mentioned; and in one of the attics of the mansion-house on the estate, there is an old oak chest with two bottoms; between these you will find the necessary titles, written on parchment." With this he disappeared, leaving Sir George quite bewildered; but, resuming his walk, he soon recovered his former equanimity, and thought nothing further of the matter. While taking his walk the second day, he was again met in the same place by the old gentleman, who earnestly urged him not to delay another day in repairing to London, and assured him that he would be handsomely compensated for his trouble; but to this Sir George paid no great attention. The third day he was again met by the same hoary-headed gentleman, who energetically pleaded with him not to lose a day in setting out, otherwise the case would be lost. The singular deportment of the gentleman, and his anxiety that Sir George should be present at the discussion of the case, in which the old man seemed so deeply interested, induced him to consent to his importunities, and accordingly started the following morning on horseback, and arrived in London on the morning preceding that on which the case was to come on. A few hours saw him in front of the mansion-house described by the old gentleman at Leith Walk, where he met two gentlemen engaged in earnest conversation—one of the claimants to the property and a celebrated London barrister—to whom he immediately introduced himself as the principal law officer of the Crown for Scotland. The barrister, no doubt supposing that Sir George was come to take the

"bread out of his mouth," spoke to him somewhat surly and disrespectfully of his country; to which the latter answered, "that, lame and ignorant as his 'learned friend' took the Scotch to be, yet in law, as well as in other respects, they would effect what would defy him and all his London clique." This disagreeable dialogue was put an end to by the other gentleman taking Sir George into the house. After sitting and conversing for a few minutes, Sir George expressed a wish to be shown over the house. The drawing-room was hung all round with beautiful paintings and drawings, which Sir George greatly admired; but there was one, however, which attracted his attention; and after examining it very minutely, he, with a surprised countenance, inquired of his conductor whose picture that was? when he was told, "It is my great-great-grandfather's." "My goodness," exclaimed Sir George, "the very man who spoke to me three times in Leith Walk, and at whose urgent request I came here!" Sir George, at his own request, was then conducted to the attics, in one of which there was a large mass of old papers, which they turned up without discovering anything to assist them in prosecuting the claim for the heirship. However, as they were about giving up their search in that attic, Sir George noticed an old trunk lying in a corner, but was told that for many years it was placed there as lumber, and contained nothing. The Leith Walk gentleman's information recurring to Sir George's memory, he went and gave the old moth eaten trunk as hearty a kick as he would wish to have been felt by his "learned friend," the barrister. The kick sent the bottom out of the trunk, also a quantity of chaff, among which the original

titles to the property were discovered. Next day Sir George entered the Court just as the case was about to come on, and addressed the pretended claimant's counsel with "Well, Sir, what will I give you to abandon this action?" "No sum, or any consideration whatever, would induce me to give it up," was the answer. "Well, Sir," said Sir George, at the same time drawing out his snuff-horn and taking a pinch, "I will not even hazard a pinch on it." The case having been called, Sir George, in answer to the pretended claimant's counsel, in an eloquent speech, addressed the bench, exposing most clearly the means adopted to deprive his client of his birthright, and concluded by producing the titles mentioned, which all at once decided the case in favour of his client. The decision being announced, Sir George took the young heir's arm, and, bowing to his "learned friend" the barrister, remarked, "You see now what a Scotchman has done, and I must tell you that I wish a countryman anything but a London barrister." Sir George immediately returned to Edinburgh, well paid for his trouble; but he never again, in his favourite walk, encountered the old grey-headed gentleman.

HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONAL SKETCHES OF THE FAMILY OF CHISHOLM, &c.

The Chisholm family is amongst the oldest and most respectable in the Highlands. Their chief residence is Erchless Castle, which is one of the few castles of the "olden time" now standing in its primitive grandeur. It is situated in a lovely valley, surrounded with the most picturesque and romantic scenery, and the silent but rapid stream of the Glass (which is joined by the Cannich and Farrar,) wends its way downwards close to the Castle, to join the sea in the Beauly Firth. The elevated and craggy mountains which rise as it were, towering to the skies on each side of the narrow glen, are truly imposing, and are the admiration of the numerous tourists that journey thither. Prior to the erection of the present ancient family residence, the original seat stood on an elevated spot some distance to the north of where the present one stands—and near to which place the remains of the late chief lie, in a beautiful tomb, which is surrounded with shrubbery and evergreens.

Glenconvinth is one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots in the Highlands of Scotland. Its name in the Gaelic language is "Glean-a-conn-fhioch," of which the literal translation is, the "Glen of the Wild Dog or Wolf." This little glen is surrounded and overtopped by the surrounding hills, and concealed from the view of the tourist until he just enters it, when a valley, "rich with the scents of nature's labo-

ratory," bursts upon his sight, with a fine clear stream meandering through the bottom of it, wending its way until it discharges itself into the Beauly Firth. About half way up the glen, at its northern base, may still be seen the ruins of a church, where people were wont to worship in the "olden time;" also a spacious burying-ground attached. The church, previous to the Reformation, was the parish church of Glenconvinth, but subsequent to that eventful period, was united to that of Kiltarlity, and is now denominated the united parishes of Kiltarlity and Glenconvinth. The tales associated with Glenconvinth are not few; its church, bell, and burying-ground, being consecrated, were held in the highest veneration by the people of the place and surrounding country. Connected with this hallowed spot, is told the following anecdotes:—In the dusk of one fine evening, as the merry songsters of the grove were winging their airy way to leafy bowers, a poor widow, returning home from Belladrum Mill, leading by a halter a Highland *garron* with a bag of meal on his back, and when passing on the north side of the burying-ground, the bag dropped off, which, from its weight, the poor woman was unable to replace on the animal's back. In this trying dilemma, and seeing none to assist, the disconsolate widow gave vent to her sorrow, augmented as it must have been by being beside the place where now in peace reposed the ashes of her departed husband. In the agony of her mind she exclaimed, "Well, well, if he that is lying with his head low here to-night was now living, he would soon put the bag on the horse's back." Scarcely had she pronounced these words, and turning round, to her surprise found that

the bag was actually replaced, and then proceeded on her way. The church bell also was an object of reverence, and whatever truth there may be in the words that "coming events cast their shadows before," it is nevertheless stated, that this bell has been known to toll when none was near it, giving a forwarning of the demise of some individual whose remains were soon to mix with the ashes of his kindred. A sturdy Highlander, from the confines of Strathglass, possessing a greater share of hardihood and daring than is generally to be met with among his countrymen, in interfering with any sacred thing—for we are safe in saying, that Highlanders in particular, are more tenacious of their religious observances, and are remarkable for the superstitious awe in which they hold anything connected with their religion or place of worship, much more so than in any quarter of the kingdom—was base enough to carry off the bell one night, and hang it up in an oak tree near his residence. At midnight the offender was alarmed at hearing the shrill tones of the bell, but could not summon up enough of courage to proceed to the oak tree and learn the cause. The following morning the bell had again disappeared, but was found in its former exalted position, in the west gable of the Glenconvinth chapel, and none could state how it got there. The distance to which it was conveyed is fully six miles, and is still known as "Craob-a-ghlac," or the Bell Tree. The bell was never more interfered with until the year 1745, when a party of Lord Loudon's men, then stationed in Inverness, having taken a stroll through the Aird, hearing of the veneration in which it was held, and viewing it as a Popish relic, took its tongue away and otherwise

destroyed it, to the no small sorrow of the surrounding peasantry. I well remember seeing this bell in its dilapidated state lying in a corner of the ruins of the church.

Glenconvinth, like other places at one period, was infested with wolves, and many an unwary huntsman got dreadfully wounded, or lost his life in an affray with these ferocious beasts; but by the frequent visits of the lovers of the chase to the locality, their numbers were gradually diminishing, till at last it was supposed the glen had been ridden of this pest, but the havoc made amongst the sheep in the neighbourhood, told but too plainly such was not the case. The glen was then, and for a long period thereafter, overgrown with alder trees and hazel bushes, affording an excellent cover to these denizens of the forest, and here it was discovered a wolf of extraordinary size and ferocity had his lair. This was the last one that could be seen—the terror of the place, and the dread of the wayfarer. To kill this formidable scourge, and extirpate thereby the race altogether, the neighbouring gentlemen assembled. Among those who met on this perilous adventure was the Master of Chisholm—a young man not yet arrived at manhood. The party were standing a little to the east of the burying-ground, sharpening their spears on a large stone, when the wolf was espied in the valley, a little below where they stood. One of the party volunteered to go down alone and despatch the animal, but he had not gone above half way, when perceiving the size of the enemy he was about to cope with, his courage failed and he turned back. The young Chisholm then requested to be allowed to go down, but although the

gentlemen admired the valour of the stripling, they dissuaded him from such a rash step. The youth sharpened his spear, after wringing a reluctant consent from the party, and buckling himself, set off to meet his crouching antagonist, whose howlings and fiery eyeballs, flashing defiance, noways dismayed the brave youth. Our hero coming up, all the time watching closely the animal, and as he was in the act of springing, pierced the enraged beast a little below the neck. So great was the force of the blow, that his hand nearly followed the course of the spear. The party, who anxiously waited the result of the combat, were overjoyed, and loud in their praise of the gallant youth, when they discovered him unscathed standing on the carcase of the wolf. The stone on which they sharpened their spears, still stands as a lasting relic of the affray, and although frequent using has considerably defaced it, may still be pointed out to the traveller who visits this lovely spot, and among those whom kindred associations brought to view this renowned place, and see the stone, was the late lamented amiable and pious chief, brother to the present. Since the above affair, the wolf's head forms part of the armorial bearings of the ancient and respectable family of Chisholm.

Of another chief of this family, there is the following amusing anecdote:—He had been for some years greatly afflicted with pains in his legs, so much so, that he was deprived of the power of walking, and had to be carried about. As was customary in those days with chiefs and lairds, every family kept a fool or jester. One fine summer evening, the worthy chief was carried to a couch prepared for him in the garden,

and seeing his fool there too, called him, in order to keep the flies off his legs, which they were tormenting. The fool carried in his hand a large cudgel, and seeing a swarm of flies resting on his helpless master's legs, aimed a blow at them; but instead of killing myriads, as he expected, he nearly broke the chief's legs, and threw him into a swoon. Supposing he had terminated his master's existence, the fool ran away as fast as he could, and betook himself to the neighbouring wood. Soon after the occurrence, some of the domestics entered the garden, and finding the chief in such a condition, were greatly alarmed; but shortly thereafter rallying, he told them what the fool had done—but he was nowhere to be seen. Conjecturing rightly where he had gone, a search was made; but when on the point of giving it up as fruitless, from the top of a thickly branched tree the fool bawled out —"Ye needna, Sirs, for mysel' just got mysel'." Having decoyed him down, and on their way expostulating with him for the injury he had done his indulgent master, he replied—"It was the flies that did it, and not me." But in the end it turned out that the poor fool was the best physician his master ever saw, for the disease in his legs not long thereafter disappeared, and there was not a gentleman in the country had a sounder pair than the Chisholm. He lived to a good old age, and esteemed none of his domestics more than the fool.

The next anecdote of this family, relates to a time when the worthy chief was rather seriously indisposed, and an express was sent for his son, Mr William, who was then practising a as physician in Inverness. He lost no time in repairing to the bedside of his sick parent,

and remained at Erchless for two or three days, by which time his amiable father was out of danger, and when about to depart for Inverness, his father said, "Now, William, since I am almost quite well, I do not wish to have your services for nothing, therefore you will tell me what is your charge?" The doctor replied, "Oh! father, I do not mean to charge anything." But on the chieftain again saying, "he would not take his trouble without being remunerated," answered, "Oh! then, since you are determined to pay, I will only charge what I do other gentlemen." "How much is that?" "Only £50." "Only £50" remarked the Chisholm, "do you charge other gentlemen that sum?" and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Oh Willie, Willie, it is I who put the estate into your hands, when I made a doctor of you," so rising, and going to a drawer, took therefrom the £50, which he placed in his son's hand. Dr Chisholm was a gentleman highly esteemed by all classes in Inverness, and subsequently became chief magistrate—an office which he filled for years with honour and integrity. His lady was grand-aunt to Mr Baillie of Dochfour. In benevolence and sympathy she excelled, and wherever sickness or poverty prevailed, her helping hand was extended to alleviate it. This was beautifully exemplified in the year 1781, better known as "the year of the White Pease," in which, throughout the length and breadth of Scotia's soil, its inhabitants experienced the distressing effects of a famine. Among others who sent to the continent for cargoes of pease, was this lady's brother, Mr Alexander Baillie of Dochfour, who, on its arrival in Inverness, directed Mrs Chisholm to distribute a considerable portion of it to

the most necessitous in the town—the rest to be disposed of to the best advantage, and it certainly would have brought a handsome profit then, as every one would give any price for it rather than starve, had not this amiable lady represented to him that the poor could not pay for it, and the rich would be provided for in some other way. He then told her to do with it as she thought best. Persons were now appointed to grant "lines" to the poor, some for a peck or a peck and a-half, and one of those who had the honour of granting lines was the narrator himself.

The present Chisholm's father was one of those kind and liberal landlords who lived in the hearts of his tenantry and dependants, cherished a mutual and good understanding with them, and they, in return, were directed by his superior counsel and advice. Illicit distillation was carried on then in Strathglass to a great extent, and although he was continually pressing on the people the danger and unlawfulness of smuggling, he could not suppress it. At Excise Courts he often presided, and when an unlucky smuggler was brought before the Justices, and in all probability amerciating the unfortunate man in a heavy fine, the Chisholm was known frequently to move the sympathy of his brethren on the bench, and set at large, for a mere trifle of a fine.

The great and godly Mr David Chisholm, minister of Kilmorack, was a descendant of the Chisholm family. He was a most powerful, impressing, and convincing divine, and an honoured instrument of doing much good in his day and generation. He was succeeded in the parish by his son, Mr David, also a celebrated divine.

HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONAL SKETCHES OF THE MACKENZIES OF REDCASTLE.

This branch of the clan M'Kenzie, at one time numerous and powerful, may now be said to be extinct. In former days when violence, rapine, and war, was the all-absorbing business of men, the Mackenzies of Redcastle, occupied the southern portion of the County of Ross, and possessed in the frith of Beauly (which bounded their estate on the south) a natural barrier of great importance to protect them from sudden invasion or surprise, commanding a view of an extensive portion of the country of the Frasers and the Mackintoshes, were well situated to act as the scouts and warders of their clan, to communicate information to their chief and his adherents, and to harass and delay, if they could not effectually oppose, a hostile and invading army. In their capacity as sentinels of the clan, they were distinguished by watchfulness and bravery, and rendered important services to their friends. In times of peace, they were, however, characterised by a spirit of tranquillity, humanity, and benevolence, which was seldom evinced in the turbulent times in which they lived.

The period at which the Mackenzies became the proprietors and took possession of the estate of Redcastle, is very remote, and not known to the author. In the year 1590, Kenneth Mackenzie, then laird of Redcastle, a gentleman of great worth, and endeared to his friends, tenants, and dependants, by his amiable and engaging qualities, resided in the family Castle at

Chapeltown, situated a few hundred yards north of where the present Castle stands. From his peaceable and impartial conduct to all with whom he came in contact, he obtained a character for integrity, intelligence, and justice, and the disputes of his more quarrelsome neighbours were referred to his decision. Not only was he esteemed and respected by those lairds and chiefs in his own county and immediate neighbourhood, but his acquaintance and friendship were solicited by many at a distance. He was particularly intimate, and a great favourite with the then chief of the clan Cameron, and on the invitation of the chief, paid frequent visits to the residence of Lochiel in Lochaber.

In the year 1598, the Earl of Huntly, created Marquis in the latter part of that year by James the VI., went on a hunting excursion to the wilds of Lochaber. The Marquis was a keen sportsman, and devoted much of his time to that noblest of British, or perhaps of any sports, deer stalking, then pursued with an ardour and on a scale of greater extent and danger than in these degenerate days, although of late years something of the spirit and enthusiasm of the olden times seem to be reviving, among those who devote themselves to this glorious pursuit. To receive so important a personage as the Marquis of Huntly with suitable respect, and to enable him to follow his favourite amusement on an extended and splendid scale, Lochiel, invited to his castle, not only the gentlemen of his own clan, but several lairds and chiefs far and near, and amongst them Kenneth Mackenzie, Laird of Redcastle. The sport was carried on for several days with all the ardour, skill and success of practised

sportsmen, and great was the destruction which the numerous party made, among the antlered monarchs, of the braes of Lochaber and the surrounding country.

On the return of the party one evening, after a fatiguing day's sport through hill and dale, the worthy chief as usual threw open his castle gates, and admitted the almost worn out party. They were received with the highest courtesy, and treated with the greatest respect; and on the pressing solicitation of Lochiel, Huntly and the other guests consented to pass the night under the chieftain's hospitable roof, for whom a splendid feast was ordered to be speedily prepared, to which a few of Lochiel's most respectable neighbours were hastily summoned. At the groaning board, on the right of Huntly, sat their brave and hospitable host and son, and on his left Lochiel's lady and her lovely daughter. The piper, as customary, played during the repast, some family airs. All, with one exception, were as joyful and happy as could be; the ruby cup passed round, relieved with some of Ossian's songs bursting powerfully and melodiously on the ear, and at times the piobrach's stirring strains, resounded through the banqueting-hall. But there was one individual present for whom the cup held out no enticement, or the rapturous songs, delight, nor could the wild and marshal notes of the great bagpipe arouse him from his reverie. This solitary exception was Redcastle's son, who, from the first glance he got of Lochiel's beautiful daughter, became desperately in love with her; and although his father, who was surprised at his unusual silence, would now and then gently chide him, it had no effect in awakening him from his contemplative mood. Next morning as the guests were

leaving the hospitable mansion, under the roof of which such an agreeable and happy night had been passed, each and all of them shook Lochiel and the rest of the family heartily by the hand; and among the last to perform this mark of friendship was the Laird of Redcastle's son. He shook Lochiel and his lady with the accustomed cordiality and respect, but upon approaching Miss Cameron, the chief's daughter, to take his leave of her, there was a hesitation in his manner, his hand trembled, his cheek was flushed, and in the expression of his eye, there was an eloquence which told the throbbings of his heart, although his tongue was mute. The young lady was also much fluttered, her colour came and went, and she hung down her eyes upon the ground, until their hands separated, and the young Laird was about to depart, when she ventured to raise them, and they encountered his as they were taking a last lingering loving look of the object of his affections. The declaration on either part, although not a word was spoken, was inexpressibly, intelligent—the eyes spoke unutterable things, and the bond of mutual attachment was sealed. The young Laird departed in melancholy silence, and quickly rejoined his party, and a few more days saw himself and his father in safety at Redcastle.

Since the morning he had left Lochiel's, the young man was never known to be happy, and if he did smile, it was the smile of one who was a stranger to cheerfulness—a sort of melancholy seemed to have taken possession of his mind, and settled there. This state of matters could not long remain concealed from the eye of a fond and anxious parent, who became greatly alarmed, when he discovered traces of a de-

cline in his son's countenance, and pressed him hard to know the cause. To his father's entreaties to be informed of the change in his manner, he at last yielded, and informed him of his attachment to Miss Cameron, and that without her he could not survive much longer, at the same time requesting his father to intercede for him with Lochiel. Finding that his son's affections were irretrievably fixed on Miss Cameron, Redcastle, like a wise and prudent parent, entered into the feelings of his son, and instantly despatched a trusty messenger with a letter to Lochiel, acquainting him with the distressed condition of his son, stating, at the same time, that nothing on earth would give him greater pleasure than that that chieftain would condescend to bestow his daughter on his son, and pointing out the disastrous results to himself (Redcastle,) in the event of his refusing to do so. Lochiel found his daughter in much the same state as Redcastle his son, and the sooner the youthful pair were united, the better. Great was the joy of the son when Redcastle informed him of the import of the letter, and even the worthy parent could not refrain, from participating in his beloved son's happiness, at the approaching alliance with the daughter of the chief of a powerful clan.

Redcastle and his son, accompanied with a good many relatives, and a numerous body of followers, lost no time in setting out for the castle of Lochiel, where, in a few days after their arrival, the young and loving pair were united. In the evening of that eventful day, and for many after, the halls of Lochiel's castle overflowed with guests, all hearts joining in wishing happiness to the youthful couple, for which the latter seemed to entertain no fears for a bright future.

During the marriage feast, the visitors were delighted with music, resounding through the extensive hall; while their followers, forgetting old animosities, betook themselves to sports and games upon the green, and were amply refreshed with plenty of home-brewed ale, &c.

After spending some weeks at Lochiel Castle, the happy pair, accompanied by their friends and followers, returned to Redcastle; Lochiel sending along with his daughter, his faithful and trusty valet, Donald Cameron, *an gille maol dhu*, or the bonnetless lad. Valets then, did not, as now, wear fine hats with gold and silver bands around them, neither were they dressed in any other livery than their plain clan tartan, and were not only bonnetless but shoeless. Now, although Donald Cameron held this menial situation under his chief, he was a member of one of the most respectable families in Lochaber, and nearly allied to the chief himself. It was not generally the poorest who held the situation of their chief's *gille maol dhu*, and Donald being a stately, fine looking, powerful and faithful man, possessed no small share of Lochiel's confidence. Although Lochiel was overjoyed at his daughter's marriage with Redcastle's son, he had yet his fears for her safety, owing to an old feud that existed between the Black Isle people and those of Lochaber, especially the Glengarry men, and the horrible tragedy at the church of Gilchrist not being yet effaced from the memory of the Black Islanders. What still more increased his apprehensions was, that some time previous to this, they were repeatedly harassed by a lawless band of cattle lifters from Lochaber—the Bains, or Macbeans, headed by their savage leader, Bengie

Macbean, whose son, whilst quite a youth, became so disgusted with the barbarous life his father and his adherents led, that he fled from, and never returned to them again, but afterwards became one of the brightest ministers that Scotland could boast of since the days of the great Mr Welsh. As already stated, Lochiel being aware of a deep-rooted prejudice existing in the minds of the Black Isle people towards the Lochaber men, made him the more anxious of sending with his daughter the *gille maol dhu*, knowing full well that this trusty adherent, sword in hand, would die in defence of his young and beautiful mistress. The party at length, without the least occurrence worth mentioning, arrived in safety at Redcastle, where a sumptuous banquet was prepared, to which all the neighbouring gentry and farmers were invited, and a cordial welcome the young pair received to their future home from those assembled. The surrounding hills were all in flames, every knowe showed its bonfire in honour of the occasion, and as the blaze was reflected from the Beauly and Moray Firths, Donald Cameron was convinced, that for his young mistress, no danger need be apprehended from the Black Islanders, from this display of their attachment to the house of Redcastle. Donald was soon presented with a more civilised dress, with the additional appendages of bonnet and shoes. Being a remarkably good-looking young man, he attracted the attention of the housekeeper, who was also young and pretty. Honest Donald being aware of the bonnie damsel's partiality for him, like a good and true knight, could not suffer any lady to die for love of him, and they were soon united. Having now possessed himself of an agreeable and happy com-

panion, Donald was resolved to return to "Lochaber no more," but fix his residence in the Black Isle, and by the kindness of his amiable mistress and her lord, he was enabled to enter into possession of the farm of Mulchaich in Ferrintosh, but was not long tenant of it when he was deprived of his wife—who left him, however, a legacy of seven beautiful daughters. Donald soon married again, and his second wife bore him seven sturdy sons, who grew up and married, so that the Black Isle was well supplied with the race of the *gille maol dhu*. He lived himself to a great age, and was interred in the church-yard of Ferrintosh, where also repose the ashes of many of his descendants. The descendants of the *gille maol dhu* were not only to be found in the Black Isle, but Ross-shire in general, and not a few of them are to be found in the shires of Sutherland and Moray, and even in various parts of the globe, holding prominent stations in society, while a good many respectable and sturdy sons are yet to be found in Ferrintosh, their original soil.

But to return from this digression to the Mackenzies of Redcastle. The family continued to increase in wealth and power. The old castle became too old or too inconvenient, and the present castle was erected. It is situated on a small eminence within a few hundred yards of the sea, and commands one of the most extensive, varied, and picturesque views in the north. Immediately in front is Loch Beauly, the whole of which, from the village of Beauly at the one end, to the ferry of Kessock at the other, can be seen from the castle windows. Beyond Loch Beauly, the Aird, Bunchrew, Muirtown, and Belladrum, rise in variegated splendour with their handsome seats, fruitful

fields and beautiful plantations, while to the north the eye gleams along a fertile and cultivated country, until the view is bounded by the dark mountains of Strathorrin and Strathconan. The Castle itself is an extensive, commodious, and elegant structure, combining some of the conveniences of the modern mansion with the strength, the turrets, spires, loopholes, and battlements of the castles of the 16th century.

From the period when this Castle was erected, the tide of prosperity which had hitherto attended the Mackenzies of Redcastle began to ebb. The superstition of the people of the country ascribed the decay of the family to the circumstance of a man having been buried alive below the foundation stone. It is unnecessary to say that there can be no grounds for a story which would reflect such diabolical disgrace on the family; but it may have arisen from the accidental death of one of the workmen while engaged in his work. The people of the neighbourhood, perhaps the most superstitious in the kingdom, required then, and require even now, but very slender materials to impose upon themselves, and upon others, a tale of horror. Be this, however, as it may, certain it is, that from this period the family declined in prosperity, until it gradually became extinct. The Lairds of Redcastle, like their neighbours, took part in the civil commotions of the last century; and like most of those who were engaged in those commotions, suffered for their loyalty or disloyalty, whichever it may be called.

The last Laird of Redcastle of the name of Mackenzie, was Collector of Customs at Inverness and was well known to the narrator. He was a most amiable

man, condescending in his manners, and arduous in the duties of his office, which he discharged satisfactorily for a considerable time, but from the circumstance of his oldest son Kenneth joining himself with a band of determined smugglers, the good old gentleman was viewed with a jealous eye. Kenneth was not long associated with this lawless band when he had the boldness to bring them with him to his father's Castle of Redcastle, and there, for safety, deposit their contraband goods.

The worthy Laird his father, who was residing at his post in Inverness, was not till then aware of the illegal and evil career his son was pursuing, although at the same time his hopes were far from being sanguine regarding him, as from his youth upwards he was of an over-rambling disposition. However, there was now no alternative for Collector Mackenzie, but to resign his situation, a situation he filled with honour and integrity. He was much felt for and sympathised with by both high and low throughout the north, and particularly so by the inhabitants of Inverness. Kenneth, seeing what his folly brought his venerable parent to, like the prodigal son, immediately abandoned his inquitous career. A short time after this he commenced the droving trade—a more lawful occupation —but not being successful, he soon gave it up for the more honourable one of fighting for his king and country, having got a commission in the 78th, or Ross-shire Highlanders. So keen and eager was he in enlistment, that he forced several poor fellows out of their beds on his father's estate, to accompany him to India's shores. This work of compulsion he even had the boldness to carry on in Inverness, where he

trepanned not a few, among whom there was one of the name of Gunn, whose mother was a reputed witch, and whose awful imprecations were fearfully levelled against him and his family, for tearing away her only child. Sometime after, while with his regiment in India, he was charged at the instance of the Government with fraud, for which he was called home and confined for the rest of his lifetime in the Tower of London. In the midst of grief and sorrow, his venerable parent calmly and meekly resigned his spirit into the hand of his eternal Father, in whose mansions the cares, toils, and disappointments of this world below are not known. The estate subsequently became much burdened, and as the second son John, who was also in the army, and was much beloved and respected by his brother officers, and every one who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, was not in circumstances to redeem it, it was put up for sale. A wealthy scion of the clan offered largely for it, and the only impediment in the way of getting it was his being the son of a tinker, (but he was a good and honest man although horn spoon-making, &c., was his calling.) It was, however, purchased by the Grants, then by Sir William Fettes, and after his death by the present proprietor, Col. Baillie of Tarradale, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county.

The last of the family of the Mackenzies of Redcastle, Miss Mary or Molly, died at a very advanced old age a few years ago, at Lettoch, in a house which she had occupied there for many years. She was a stately dignified old maiden lady, but somewhat eccentric in her habits, and if a story current of her in the neighbourhood be true, a little whimsical in her

tastes. If the cooking of any dish did not please her, she invariably exclaimed "very good for servants, but don't like it for mysel'." So frequently did she give utterance to this expression, that for several years before her death the neighbours were in the habit of calling her by the title of "very good for servants, but don't like it for mysel'." Major Mackenzie of Kincraig is the lineal descendant and representative of the Mackenzies of Redcastle.

There is perhaps no property in Scotland which has been so much improved as the estate of Redcastle. Eighty years ago the estate was a naked barren waste, scarcely yielding any corn, except on what was called the mains. It is now one of the best cultivated properties in the kingdom, and so greatly and so rapidly did the value of the property increase in consequence of planting the hills and cultivating the plains, that although the property was purchased by the Grants a few years only before the beginning of the present century, for somewhere about £20,000; it was in 1828 or 1829 sold to Sir William Fettes for the sum of about £135,000 ! but the present proprietor purchased it for a smaller sum. One of its most valuable farms is the ferry of Kessock, which pays a rent of about £1000 per annum, although not 60 years ago the toll was principally paid in bannocks ! ! It is still more gratifying to record that the comfort, intelligence, and morals of the inhabitants have improved in a ratio corresponding with the value of the soil.

Until within a late period superstition abounded in this and the neighbouring estate of Drynie. There is scarcely a bog, burn, or lonely spot, with which some tale of superstitious horror is not associated; and in

addition to the ordinary witches, warlocks, ghosts, benshees, and benaives, the superstitious have called to their aid the water horse and the water bull,—which are said to frequent Loch Drynie and Linne a Bhuic Bhain.

A very singular story is told of the Patersons of Kessock. It is said that one of them was fortunate and courageous enough to secure and take home a mermaid, which he kept for sometime in his house. But the nymph of the ocean, being eager to regain her native element, supplicated her captor for her release, and said that she would grant any three requests he would make, if he would permit her to depart. He agreed to this, and one of the three which he asked was, "that no Paterson should ever be drowned in the ferry of Kessock." The people of Kessock, Craigton, and Redcastle, firmly believe in this story, and their belief is strongly confirmed by the singular fact, that although many persons of the name of Paterson have for centuries been engaged on the ferry, such a circumstance as one being drowned was never known, and what is perhaps yet more singular is, that while the ferry was in their possession, no person was drowned in it.

Besides the above annoyance to the peaceable parishioners of Redcastle, they were often troubled, especially in their sojournings under cover of night with other and still more wicked demons, particularly whilst passing a burn about a mile to the east of Redcastle, for scarcely one could pass or repass it without being in danger of their life. The last individual who was attacked at this unhallowed spot, was a worthy man of the name of Paterson, reader and catechist of the pa-

rish. Episcopacy was then the entire creed of the district. He being at the time on a catechising mission in the west, and returning rather late to his own house at easter Kessock, was attacked whilst passing the said burn by a huge monster, and were it not for the repeated interposition of a faithful mastiff, he would never return to tell the tale. However, after a severe struggle the poor man proceeded homewards, when there appeared as it were, a lighted torch or candle, as an emblem of the fiendish spirit being overcome, which light stuck by him until he arrived at his own house, a distance of four miles. He ordered his wife to give plenty of food to his faithful companion the dog, but next morning the poor animal was found dead, and the inference was, that although the evil spirit did not get power over the honest catechist, it assuredly got it over his companion. Nothing daunted, the worthy man repaired next night to the burn, travelling the whole long night up and down from one end to the other, carrying in his hand an open bible, and constantly engaged in prayer. From that time henceforward, the poor traveller was never known to meet with any impediment at this ill-fated spot.

"The prayer of the righteous availeth much."

However, the march of civilisation, religious and moral, has now, we may say, entirely banished all ideas of such supernatural beings out of our land.

THE BLACK WATCH, OR FORTY-SECOND ROYAL HIGHLANDERS, &c.

At the period when the Highlands was governed more by might than either justice or honour, lawless bands of freebooters and cattle-lifters committed sad depredations on friends and foes, rich and poor. To such excess were matters carried with a high and daring hand, that at last their deeds of spoliation became intolerable, threatening many with utter ruin; and although small detachments of soldiers were stationed in garrisons in different localities in the Highlands, they were not of sufficient strength to cope with the hardy and reckless cattle-lifters, aided as they generally were in their movements and flights, by a thorough knowledge of every nook and corner in the whole country. To counteract their lawless and annoying deeds, and render some security to life and property, many of our Highland chieftains and lairds found it necessary to raise companies of strong, resolute, and able-bodied men, acquainted with the country—each respective gentleman maintaining the company which he had raised—and whose duties were generally performed by night in scouring the country, searching for stolen cattle, or intercepting the marauders with their "*creach*," and restoring them to their owners. The dress of the different companies was of a similar description, being dark green jackets, philabeg, hose, and brogues with large buckles, black belt over the shoulders, another round the waist, a large broadsword on the one side, and a dirk on the other

—hence they were called the "Black Watch," or *Freiceadan Dhu*. They sometimes carried muskets, and it may also be said that they were a kind of rifle corps. Their vigilance, determination, and prowess soon struck terror and alarm into the hearts of the evil doers, and their very name carried fear with it, so that ere long depredations were scarcely heard of, and at last existed only in the mere name. An effectual check being thus given to the freebooters, it was considered unnecessary to continue the Black Watch any longer; but, nevertheless, as they were such useful, brave, and excellent bands of men, it was thought a hardship to disband them, particularly as their country at the time required the services of all able to carry arms in its defence—and these men, if formed into a regiment, would make a very superior one. To suggest such to these brave men would be inconsistent with the motives which embodied them, and not altogether safe. But the chiefs and lairds, being bent on forming them into a regiment, had recourse to artifice and flattery. Accordingly, in April 1744, the different companies were assembled in Inverness; but the object for which they were called together was of course kept a profound secret. At Inverness, all the companies were embodied into one, and non-commissioned officers of "the regulars" were procured to drill them every day, and train them in the proper army exercises. They remained a considerable time in Inverness, were put "through their facings" daily, and learning the different military manœuvres at last, naturally supposing that their services being now no longer required, they would be allowed to return to their homes and families; but no—they were other-

wise destined. The place where they used to exercise is a little to the south of the Ness Islands, still known as Campfield.

Artifice and flattery, as stated, were necessary to induce the Black Watch to leave the vicinity of their homes. They were told by their chiefs and officers, that his Majesty, hearing of their fine appearance, and the great service they had done the country, was anxious to make a personal inspection of such a distinguished body of men previous to their being disbanded. This had the desired effect. The duped Black Watch, elated with such a message from royalty, unanimously consented to embark for London, on the understanding, that after the review, they would be sent home to their families. However, a few weeks previous to their embarkation, a melancholy occurrence happened which threw a sad gloom over the whole corps, and was construed by many as a bad omen. One of Lord Lovat's company had been for some time paying his addresses to a young female in the town, who became *enciente*. Pretending to be going to the Aird to bid adieu to his parents, he requested the confiding girl to accompany him on his parental message, that he might introduce her as his intended partner for life, and on their return to town he would have their union solemnized. Cheered by the prospect of an immediate union, and relying on his assurances, the unfortunate girl consented to accompany him. On the road thither, they called at Peggy Bain the innkeeper's, at Clachnaharry, where they had a glass of gin, or hollands. Here they remained for a considerable time, he being evidently anxious to prolong their stay as much as he could; and, intending not to go much farther with his

unsuspecting victim, was wishful that the shades of night would close and shroud the diabolical deed he contemplated. They started at last for the Aird, but, alas! horrid to relate, the Aird she was destined never to reach, for they only reached Bunchrew, and there, close to the roadside, beneath the foliage of an alder tree, the poor unfortunate girl was barbarously murdered by her inhuman seducer. In about an hour after the tragical deed was done, he was in Peggy Bain's again, and had a dram. Seeing him besmeared with blood, Peggy suspected what had occurred, and asked what had become of his companion, and how far he had accompanied her; but he would return no answer, and hastily departed for town. Next day the mangled corpse of the deluded female was found in the spot where she had been murdered. The Black Watchman, understanding that he was generally suspected, precipitately fled to the hills and fastnesses of the Aird, supposing, no doubt, that amongst his own clan he would be secure, and which he certainly was for some time, for they aided him greatly, and thereby eluded those sent in pursuit. President Forbes, who was at the time in Edinburgh, hearing of the murder, and of its being committed near his favourite residence, wrote Lord Lovat, stating, that he hoped none of his clan would shelter or screen an individual guilty of such an atrocious crime; besides, that he had written to Inverness, in order that a party of the 15th foot, then stationed in the Castle, would go to the Aird and capture the murderer, if possible. This had the desired effect; for the murderer was soon taken, tried, and sentenced to death. He confessed the crime, and acknowledged the justness of his sen-

tence. The alder tree never again shot forth leaves, but for years stood a withered stump, as if bearing testimony to the atrocity of the crime perpetrated under it. The narrator well remembers seeing this tree.

Whilst the above distressing events were being enacted, the Black Watch had left in great glee for the metropolis. They were reviewed by his Majesty and principal officers, and high were the encomiums passed on them. After satisfying the curiosity of the cockneys, they were marched to Chatham, where they were to embark for the continent. At Chatham they understood the turn matters had taken, and that they were not to be allowed to return to their peaceful homes as promised, but fight with Britain's foes. A good many here deserted, but the most were captured, a few only making good their escape. Britain was then waging war with France, and the first appearance of the Black Watch on the continent was at the memorable battle of Fontenoy. Here they were placed where the battle raged the hottest; but seeing the slight damage done the enemy's ranks by their muskets, they seemed to waver, which being noticed by their companions, thought they meant to desert, and were therefore preparing to fire upon them, but they were sadly mistaken; desertion they knew not, or dreamed of, for throwing away their cumbersome muskets, and drawing their claymores, the Black Watch,

> "True to the last of their blood and their breath,
> And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death,"

dashed instantly amongst the enemy, whose line, by the impetuosity of the charge, they soon broke, and made fearful carnage. At this time a party of dragoons rode up, and followed the advantage gained by

the Black Watch, to whose bravery and undaunted courage the victory was mainly ascribed. Of them the French commander remarked, "O! how these royal bonnets slaughter our men," which being reported by the Duke of Cumberland, commander of the British forces, to his Majesty, the latter said, "Then let them henceforward be royal." This memorable battle was fought on the 30th April, 1745. Subsequently, the cause of the Pretender was exciting some alarm, and it was thought advisable to recal the Duke of Cumberland with a considerable part of his forces; but although the Black Watch, now the 42d Royal Highlanders, had distinguished themselves, they were not allowed to return, Government fearing, that once more on their native hills, they would not fight for the House of Hanover against their chiefs and relations, who fought in Prince Charlie's cause. This was probably a judicious step, and not even affording them an opportunity of testing their loyalty. It is but justice to say, that the 42d, throughout all the wars up to 1815, distinguished itself as a brave, valiant, and renowned corps, which their innumerable laurels amply testify.

DONALD GRUIMACH,

THE BLACK-ISLE CATTLE-LIFTER.

For the last two centuries there has not, perhaps, been a more notorious cattle-lifter than Donald Gruimach. From his very grim and ferocious appearance he was better known by the soubriquet of "Gruimach." Indeed, Donald was the terror of the whole country, especially the Black Isle, to which his depredations were chiefly confined, and whose lairds he most unsparingly plundered of their best cattle and sheep. He resided near Tarradale, and never walked abroad without his *bitac* (dirk) and *skian dhu*. His courage was as reckless, as his presence of mind was astonishing, and being thoroughly acquainted with the *locale* of the scene of his operations, (for there was not a corner or crevice in the whole country with which he was not familiar), it rendered it no easy task to bring home any charge to him. And although many were quite conscious that he, and he alone, was the person who stole their cattle and sheep—still they were afraid to lay such an action to the credit of this renowned free-booter. However, M'Homais, the Laird of Applecross, whose sheep now and then were stolen from off his estate of Highfield, (which was then, and for many years after, the property of the Applecross family), determined to make a strict and thorough investigation respecting his stolen property, and Donald's fame reaching his ears, it naturally occurred to him that there was none so likely to harass him as Donald Gruimach; conse-

quently he dispatched twelve strong able-bodied men to Donald's bothy on the evening of the day on which one of his best wedders disappeared. Donald, however, happened to be about the door, and as the guilty mind is always timorous and apprehensive of coming evil, he gave a cautious look around his residence, then with the keen and penetrating glance of the eagle, scanned the face of the country, where he espied at a distance the men rapidly approaching him. He saw portending danger in their movements, and there being no time to lose in conjecture as to the purport of their mission, he instantly entered his hut, seized the sheep and firmly bound it with thongs,—then laid it in a large cradle, and covering it over with a piece of blanket, he seated himself beside it, and appeared tenderly engaged in rocking the supposed child, humming at the same time, "*Baloo, baloo, mo leanaibh*"!! while the men made their entrance at the door. One of them accosted Donald by asking, "Where is the wedder you have taken to-day from Highfield?" He answered them quite seriously, and not the least disconcerted, "May I eat him that's in the cradle, if I took it." They did not question Donald further, or examine the contents of the cradle, by which he swore so fervently, but returned much mortified, without taking either sheep or Donald; and it may easily be supposed that he was but too happy when he saw them make their exit, and get so easily out of this uncomfortable dilemma. But this narrow escape from detection had no effect on Donald, neither did it prevent his levying contributions on those in the neighbourhood of his abode, for sometime thereafter he had the hardihood to take one of Kilcoy's best oxen from the

Mains; but whether it was owing to his being always so well armed, or that the proof against him was considered inadequate to ensure a conviction, there was no effort at the time made to take him into custody—he was, therefore, for some time suffered to roam undisturbed over the country, committing several other depredations.

Kilcoy, however, did not forget the loss of his good ox, but it availed not; he could not fall on any scheme to entrap the wary thief. After running over in his mind several stratagems, which were no sooner concocted than dispelled, he at last thought on the following. Being told that Donald was in the vicinity of the Castle, he went out, in order, if possible, to meet or see him, and was not long in discovering the object of his search. Donald seeing Kilcoy approach him unaccompanied, stood, for indeed he was so powerful that he would not show his back to the four strongest men in the country. Kilcoy told him he had an important letter to send to the Sheriff at Fortrose, which required urgent attention, and that if he would convey it, he would get a shilling for his trouble, which in these times was considered no bad remuneration for the distance he had to travel. Donald hesitated, but at last consented to go. Kilcoy then immediately went and wrote the necessary letter to the Sheriff, the purport of which was, that the bearer was a most notorious stealer of cattle and sheep, and that it would be doing the greatest service to the country at large, if he (the Sheriff,) on receipt would safely secure Donald in jail, as shortly charges would be brought against him, which would be proved to his satisfaction; as himself and many of his neighbours around him, suffered severely

from the depredations of this redoubtable cattle-lifter.

Donald could neither read nor write; however, he did not proceed far on his way, wrapt in meditation, his own circumstances haunting his mind, and probably contemplating the reckless career of his past life, when he began to examine and look very minutely into the letter, when lo! he imagined that in it he discovered the horns of Kilcoy's brown ox. It then occurred to him that it was for the purpose of having himself apprehended, and handed over to the Sheriff, that he was despatched with the letter, which was meant to have effected this object. He immediately retraced his steps, and the the first person he met was the Laird himself, who, no doubt, was previously overjoyed at the thought of ridding himself of such a formidable neighbour as Donald Gruimach. But in this the Laird of Kilcoy was sadly disappointed, who, addressing Donald, asked him, "How was it that he returned so soon?" Donald's mind was not at rest, and he answered the Laird, "Back! it is no wonder that I am back; did I not see the very horns of the brown ox in that letter as distinct as possibly could be?" then, throwing the ominous letter at Kilcoy's feet, fled with the swiftness of the roe to his hiding place, in order to elude the search of any who might be sent in pursuit of him.

Crime may be carried on unchallenged for a time, but a day of reckoning will come, when justice will prevail, and so it happened with Donald. He was seized for stealing a stot from a widow who lived on the estate of Tulloch—Bayne being then the proprietor, who warmly interested himself in the poor woman's loss. Donald was lodged in Dingwall jail, and while

he lay there, the widow visited him daily, furnishing him with the best meat she could procure, in order if possible, by her kindness, to extract some information from him, by which she could recover her favourite stot; he always promised to tell her where the stot was, and thereby kept her in continual suspense. In due time he was tried and sentenced to be executed. On the day of his execution, and while he stood on the platform, the poor woman cried out to him, "will you not tell me now where is my stot?" But he answered, "I have more to think of at present than you or your stot." While he thus stood he was anxiously and impatiently looking towards the west, as he expected a strong party of the clan Fraser to make their appearance and effect a rescue. They actually left their homes for that purpose, and came the length of Ord, but having been met there by a number of the Mackenzies as a deputation from Brahan Castle, the latter reasoned with them on the necessity and justice of freeing the country of such a notorious individual as Donald Gruimach, and prevailed on the Frasers to return, without proceeding farther to rescue him from the scaffold, a doom which he so justly merited. Donald was never known to commit any encroachment on the Lovat estates, and it was supposed that it was on this account the Frasers favoured him so much. One of his most impregnable hiding places was on the estate of Lovat, in Glenstrathfarar, and it was farther conjectured that he was a scion of that clan.

HIGHLAND ROBBERS AND CATTLE-LIFTERS.

The following is an account of the wild and daring exploits of three of the most hardy cattle-lifters that ever traversed our Highland hills, viz., Alexander Macdonald, *alias* Coire-na-Caorach; Donald Kennedy or Macourlic, *alias* An Gaduiche Dubh, and Samuel Cameron, *alias* Mac Domhuil Dubh:—

Macdonald, or Coire-na-Caorach, lived in a secluded bothy on the confines of the Glengarry estate, a little to the west of Fort-Augustus, whose daring exploits in robbery and cattle-lifting ultimately became the terror and scourge of the surrounding country, whose *creach*, or spoil, he often, in defiance of the law, drove to the south. However, this state of things was not to be much longer carried on by him, as the neighbouring lairds supposed, with their vassals combined, they might lay hold of him; and none was more eager for his apprehension than Glengarry, who cordially joined the other lairds in getting him outlawed; but Coire-na-Caorach being apprised of their design, it only had the effect of making him more vigilant than before. Coire now perceiving that he was outlawed and a price set upon his head, determined on not venturing any more to sojourn over night at his own residence, but ever afterwards took up his nightly abode in his cave on the margin of Loch Ness, a most rugged and craggy spot, a few miles west of the celebrated falls of Foyers. This cave actually stretches out upwards of twenty yards below the bed of the lake, and over the entrance was a large flagstone. There, Coire-na-Caorach was perfectly secure

from all his pursuers, where he lived on the best, viz., roast beef and mutton, &c., but he contrived to see his wife now and then in her bothy without being observed; at last, in consequence of old age creeping upon him, he became unable any longer to go in search of prey, and confined himself to his dungeon. At length he became so very ill that she expressed her wish that he should breathe his last under their own roof. But how was this to be done? About midnight, however, this devoted woman buckled up the feeble frame of her husband in a good blanket, and carried him to the mouth of the cave, and afterwards trudged on through rugged crags and barren moors with her aged partner in life, and arrived at the house in safety —unseen and unknown—before daylight. Coire began to sink rapidly, and in the course of a few days thereafter, breathed his last, when his remains were gathered to the dust of his kindred unmolested.

Donald Kennedy, or Macourlic, *alias* an Gaduiche Dubh, ws also a notorious thief and cattle-lifter. He lived in the Braes of Lochaber, and sometimes sojourned in the company of Coire-na-Caorach, and divided the spoil. He was also outlawed, and a price set upon his head. Having no proper place of concealment in the neighbourhood, he forsook home and family, and went to Perthshire. Here he engaged as a farm servant, but still indulged in his old practices, and a rather curious circumstance led to his discovery. A fine horse, the property of his master, having been amissing, he was ordered to search for the animal, which he gladly consented to do, and on his finding the horse, rode at Gilpin speed to a remote part of the country with it and sold it. After being two days

away he returned to his master, telling him that there was not a hill or dale that he could think of but he searched for the horse. His master replied, angrily, and said, "You ought to try, sir, places you did not think off." An Gaduiche Dubh set out again on his pretended pursuit, but in the course of a few minutes thereafter, the worthy farmer and his wife, who were sitting round a blazing pile of peats, were suddenly startled by a rumbling noise on the top of the house. In a minute or two afterwards large pieces of turf began to pour down upon them, which caused them quickly to repair outside, lest the whole fabric might fall in, when, to their astonishment, who did they see on the house top (eagerly throwing the turf in all directions around him), but he whom they sent in further search of their horse. The honest farmer bawled out to his servant, "What in the world prompted you to do such mischief?" The Gaduiche replied, "Did you not tell me to go and search for the horse where I did not think off, and I am just doing so." Before morning the farmer formed another opinion of his supposed half-witted servant, for, said he to his wife, "As sure as you are alive, woman, Donald is no other than the Gaduiche Dubh, (the fame of the Gaduiche being over the length and breadth of the Highlands), so that the sooner we get quit of him in peace and quietness the better." The honest wife at once coincided with her husband. Next morning Donald was paid his wages, no doubt as well pleased to go, as his master and mistress were to get quit of him.

At one time Lochiel being on a visit to Glengarry, where the two chiefs spent a happy night together, among other conversation between them, a wager was

laid which of the two, viz., An Gaduiche Dubh or Coire-na-Caorach, was the greatest thief. Glengarry wagered on Coire's head, and Lochiel on that of the Gaduiche. Next day the desperadoes made their appearance before their respected chiefs at the Castle of Glengarry. Having been told the nature of their mission, they set off down the strath to Fort-Augustus; from thence to Invermoriston, but having espied nothing worthy of capturing, they traversed part of Glenmorriston, with as little success. Being determined not to return without some evidence of their expertness, they bent their course to Glen Urquhart. After ascending the hill of Monadh-na-Leumnaich, Donald, the Gaduiche Dubh, became overcome with fatigue, and said it was of no use to enter the country of the Frasers and Mackenzies, as they would be in danger of being taken, they then sat down on the top of that stupendous hill, and immediately Donald fell into a profound sleep. However, Coire-na-Caorach did not sleep, as he was fully determined not to return without some token of his dexterity, and having quickly unfolded his companion's plaid, cut a piece out of one of the folds, and made a pair of hose, which he put on his brawny legs ere he awakened the Gaduiche Dubh. He now roused him up, saying it was of no use to go any farther, but to return to Glengarry. The Gaduiche reluctantly assented, and on their arrival at the Castle the chiefs anxiously enquired what had they done on their journey. The Gaduiche spoke first, and said he regretted to say nothing at all. Coire-na-Caorach answered, looking to Donald, "But I have though, look at my hose, and look at your *breacan*," or plaid. The Gaduiche unfolded it, and

at once saw that the piece had been taken out of it, and became fully convinced that it was the identical piece which had been so quickly converted into Highland leggings. As a matter of course, Glengarry won the wager. The Gaduiche, like his contemporary, Coire-na-Caorach, lived to a great age, and died a natural death.

Samuel Cameron, *alias* Mac Dhomhuil Dubh, was also one of those worthies who considered might to be right, and that his ability and daring in cattle-lifting afforded him a title to pursue that avocation with impunity. At the era of the outlaw, the power of life and death was confided to the Sheriffs, and he who was the principal Sheriff in the north at this time, was a Mr Mackenzie, of the family of Kilcoy, residing at Kilmuir Wester, better known on account of his severity, by the title of Shirra Dubh. This official had long desired to have Mac Dhomuil Dubh in his clutches, and he at length succeeded. Conviction and sentence of death followed as a necessary consequence of his having fallen into the hands of the Sheriff; but just previous to the hour of execution, Mac Dhomhuil Dubh applied his herculean powers with such success as to break out of the Inverness jail; and rendered still more desperate by this circumstance, became a greater terror than ever to the surrounding country, which he in a manner placed under tribute. The officers of justice, although they knew whereabouts his ordinary retreat was situated, at the same time knew that their lives would be in jeopardy by even approaching the supposed spot, as he could with his pistols and gun, defend himself successfully against a host of invaders. A cave in the Red Craig, near Abriachan,

on the mountain side above Loch Ness, was his place of rendezvous.

From this elevated spot the outlaw could command an extensive view of the Loch, and for miles all around, particularly to the south and east of Inverness, while no one could pass along the narrow pathway at the foot of the mountain, without coming under the inspection of the tenant. It happened on one occasion, that Shirra Dubh was led by the chase along the side of Loch Ness, immediately below the domicile of the outlaw, who, perched eagle-like, aloft betwixt earth and sky, and, with a glance well nigh as keen, watched the approach of a horseman, in whom he quickly recognised the person of the relentless Shirra Dubh. With the delight of the vulture hovering over its devoted prey, and with the agility of the tiger advancing to spring upon his lair, the person of the outlawed Highlander, with a visage so overgrown with hair as to resemble the shaggy goats that alone shared with him the empire of the mountains, might have been seen rapidly descending the face of the cliff, or screening himself behind the stunted pine and birch trees which skirted the base, until the Shirra Dubh came fairly abreast of the place where he was ensconced. Then springing forward, the outlaw, with one hand, grasped with an iron clutch the neck of the Sheriff, while with the other he presented a pistol at his breast, exclaiming, "Shirra Dubh, I have you now in my power. I am hunted as a beast from the earth; if I attempt to meet my family, I do it at the peril of being shot by any one that may please. I cannot be worse off, and now, unless you will solemnly swear to reverse my sentence, and declare me a free man at the

Cross of Inverness, on Friday first, I will instantly shoot you." The Sheriff perceived that he was entirely at the mercy of the outlaw, in whose haggard countenance and eye he plainly read that desperation which would assuredly lead him to fulfil his threatening. He therefore religiously proposed compliance, but this would not satisfy Mac Dhomhuil Dubh, until he gave a most solemn oath, whereupon he was permitted to depart, and the outlaw retreated to his cave. Shirra Dubh, true to his oath, assembled on the following Friday (being a market day), the officials of the town and neighbourhood, and publicly, at the Cross, proclaimed the reversal of the sentence, and Samuel Cameron, *alias* Mac Dhomhuil Dubh, a free man. This act of mercy was not misplaced, as Samuel who had before been a pest to the wealthy proprietors, and (like Rob Roy), to them only, ever after abandoned his predatory habits, and lived highly respected for the remainder of his life at the Muir of Bunchrew, where he reared up a large family. The narrator was personally acquainted with his grandson, a most decent and exemplary man.

DINGWALL: PRINTED AT THE ADVERTISER OFFICE.